

MODERN

JANUARY 1957 50c

# MAN

THE ADULT PICTURE MAG

IN DEFENSE OF  
BAWDY SONGS

By Oscar Brand

SEXOLOGY  
PLUS  
TECHNOLOGY



THE  
SEXUAL BEHAVIOR  
OF STRIPPERS

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BODIES



20  
JANUARY 1957  
VOL. VI, NO. 7-67

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or lack of same — of the girls who make their living taking off their clothes in public. The legends about the sexual prowess of these lasses — as well as the yarns about their supposed inhibitions and fears — have been the subject of stag talk for decades.

Believing that there's no better way to find out about a girl than by asking her, MODERN MAN went to one of the top name gals in the strip tease business and put it to her straight: "How about your sex life?" We figured that the worst that could happen when we asked temptress Blaze Starr would be that she would say "No." Being modern men in every sense of the word, we have been told "No" before and just moved on to the next lassie.

But Blaze surprised us and said "Yes." Sure, she would be happy to tell us about the sexual behavior of strippers and that's what she does as candidly and frankly as a gal can in her article on Page 28. And to show what she's talking about, Blaze displayed what she's talking about in the beautiful color photograph of herself that runs in our center spread this month. We know her provocative article will be a treat to modern men — and much talked about, too. It settles once and for all some of the backroom arguments about the lovelies who parade their charms in the altogether for millions of menfolk across the nation.

Another square-shooting article in this issue of MODERN MAN is Oscar Brand's delightful story on bawdy ballads, a subject in which he has specialized for some years. Brand comes right out and calls a spade a spade in describing the songs that have been in the public domain for years but which have been mostly whispered about. Brand asks: "What's all the whispering about?" His article plus some of the songs that he sings in his popular record albums make entertaining reading.

FLAME FURY is a lass who believes in being well equipped, whether it's for the wintery blasts of January or her own profession, which happens to be stripping in the best of West Coast niteries. For the winter winds, she's got a lush mink stole that keeps her warm in the right places. As for her career, she displays 39 inches where it counts the most.



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### COVER



**BLAZE STARR**, a firebrand who should know, tells about the sexual behavior of strippers on page 28 of this issue as well as adding her ample charms to the cover. Busty Blaze is a well-known undresser who came from the hills of West Virginia to the front ranks of burlesque. She likes the bump and grind business so well, she is training her sister, Faye Harlow, to be a stripper too.

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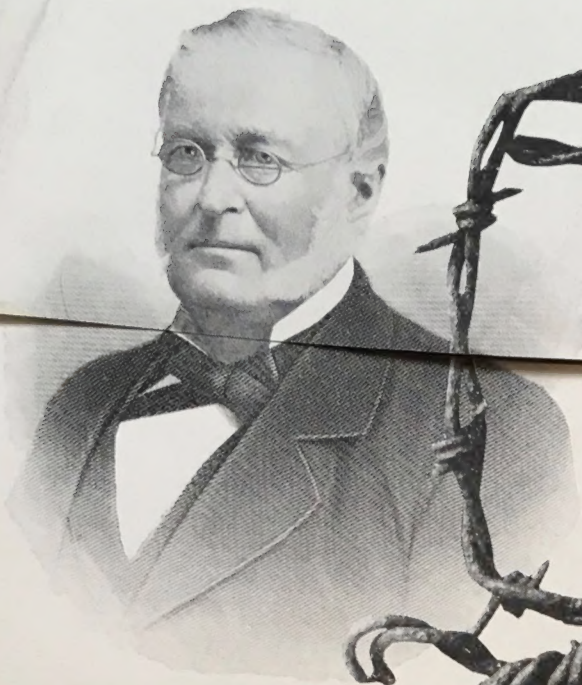
Eugene L. Pollock  
EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE

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INVENTOR of barbed wire was Joseph B. Glidden, who parlayed idea into fortune.

# HOW BARBED WIRE TAMED THE WILD WEST

Prickly fence wrote finis to day of wide open range,  
made millionaires and gave America world's finest beef



STRUGGLING SOLDIERS both cursed and praised barbed wire entanglements that were used by both sides during two world wars.





MILES OF BARBED WIRE fencing set off huge range areas in southwestern states. Giant XIT Ranch in Texas once wired in 3,140,000 acres.

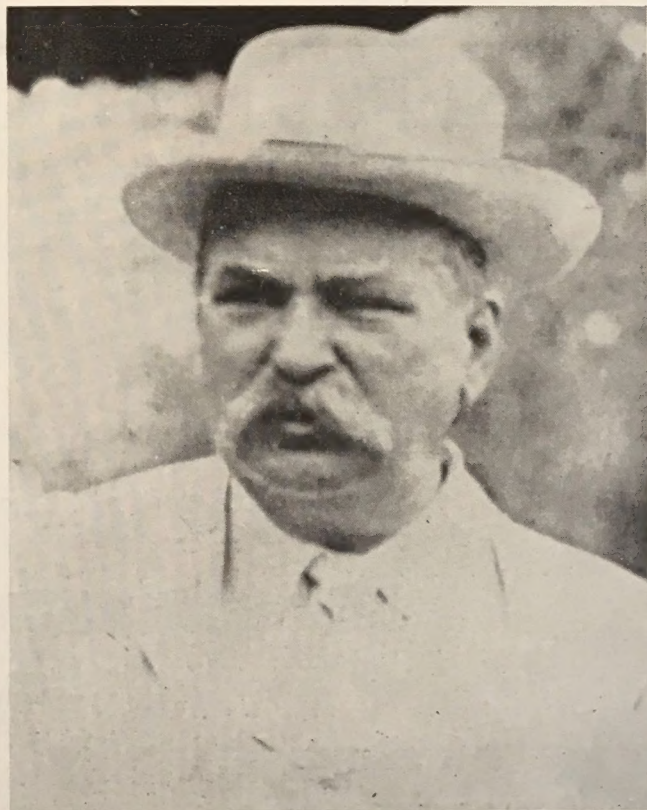
**By Harry Botsford**

**E**ASTERNER was stamped all over him. He wore a derby hat, jauntily cocked over one eye, and his shoes were polished under their coating of Texas dust. His air of complete self-assurance, his glib tongue was both persuasive and provocative. It was 1880 and the place was a patio that looked out on a sun-baked plaza in San Antonio. It was hot as Hades in the enervating, arid heat of Texas.

Ranchers loafed in the shade, found some amusement as the young man spouted his enthusiastic salesmanship. They parried his efforts with rough and profane humor, enjoyed the passage of words; they chuckled as his eyes widened at their drawling opposition. He did not drink but viewed their steady and chronic tipping of what passed for whiskey with youthful tolerance.

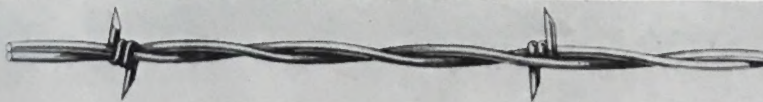
He was a salesman. Eventually, he was to be the world's best salesman. He was 25 years of age, earned \$25 a week, a good salary in those days. His employers, back in DeKalb, Illinois, felt that he earned it. They were a trifle skeptical of this safari into the depths of the cow country, advanced the necessary expense money reluctantly. Truth was, his employers were just starting to emerge from a web of litigation, patent troubles, financial ailments, management disputes. They were still somewhat shaky financially, but they had decided that the gamble on the expense of the trip was a reasonable one.

They made barbed wire fence. It was so new that potential customers often scoffed at its utility. But thanks



PICTURESQUE SALESMAN John W. (Bet A Million) Gates wagered his last dollar that he could sell cattlemen barbed wire. He won.

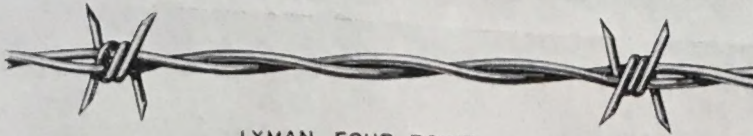




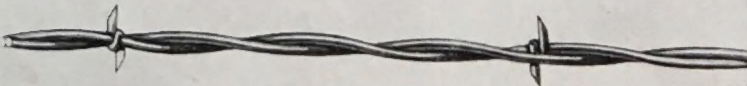
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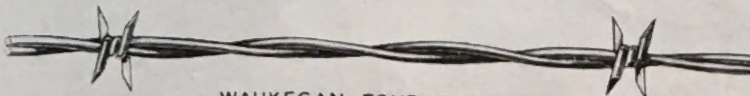
BAKER PERFECT



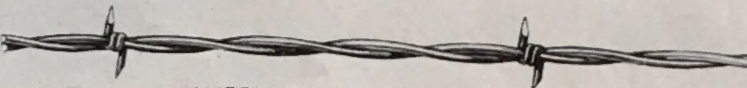
LYMAN FOUR POINT



WAUKEGAN TWO POINT



WAUKEGAN FOUR POINT



AMERICAN SPECIAL

MANY VARIETIES of barbed wire sprung up after Joseph Glidden was issued his patent.

to the salesman's persuasiveness, they did buy—40,000 tons of wire in 1879. But most cattlemen were still scoffers, still dubious of the young man's claims that one day barbed wire would tame the Wild West and write finis to the day of the vast open range country and the romantic era of cattle trails.

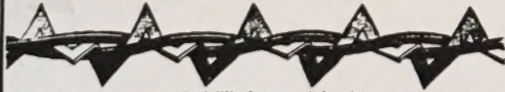
The youthful barbed wire salesman was not easily rebuffed. In the San Antonio plaza, he wiped his brow with a soggy handkerchief. His face was red, but he remained enthusiastic. "Barbed wire can control your cattle, gentlemen," he said. "It'll prevent rustling, help make you prosperous, lead you to breeding better cattle than these miserable long horns." He brandished a strand of the barbed wire, passed it along for the men to examine.

They were faintly interested. Instinctively, they rather liked this young fellow, but decided to subject him to some cow country jibes, just to see how he would take it.

"Mister," a tanned and lean old rancher remarked solemnly, "Mister, you don't know these here critters. They are onery. They'd pay no attention to a fence made of this new-fangled invention of yours. Tell you how tough they are! They scratch themselves off on cactus plants, that's how tough they are!"

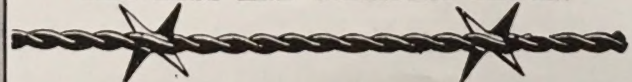
## CHAMPION BARB WIRE!

(Pat. Nov. 4th, 1879.)



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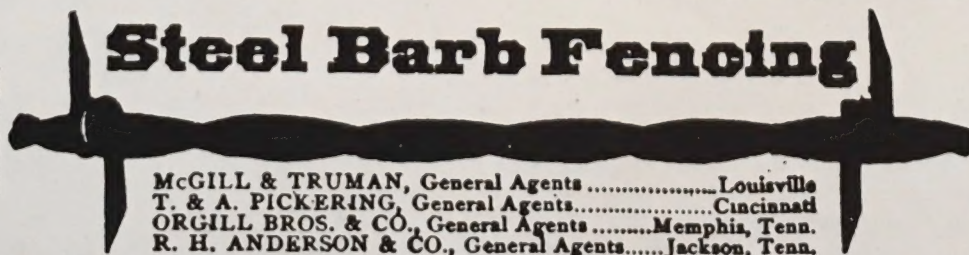
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Double the protection offered by any two-pointed barbs, and by actual tests the strongest, lightest and, consequently, the cheapest wire ever made. For information, address: Mention this paper. 303 106 H. B. SCUTT & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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St. Louis Office, 802 North Second Street.

EARLY NEWSPAPER ADS pushed various styles of barbed wire but today most follows one basic pattern, is turned out in miles by factories.



A ripple of ribald laughter swept across the shaded patio.

The salesman grinned, he didn't falter, and a look of skepticism clouded his red face. "I've seen some of these long horns," he said. "They don't look so tough to me. Matter of fact, they look sort of lean and puny, if I may say so."

"That there fence may tame the cattle in the Midwest, but it's not fitten for this country," another rancher stated flatly, emptying his glass of whiskey at a gulp.

The young salesman swabbed his face. He was sweating profusely, and he was a little irked at the railery. He became serious. He reached in his pocket, produced his cash assets, plunked it down on the table beside him. He fingered it, found that it added up to a hundred dollars, a little

more as a matter of fact.

"Salesmen don't make the kind of money you ranchers do," he said tersely. "I think you are men of honor. Tell you what I will do! I'll bet almost my last red cent that my barbed wire will tame your confounded long horns, regardless of their size and agility. Want to cover it? I'll build a corral right here on the plaza. Run a couple of dozen of your toughest steers into it. If they can smash it, go through it, you win, pick up the money, and I'll start walking toward De Kalb, Illinois! If they fail to break through, I'll take your money and spend it for entertainment for all of you. I'm a gambler, always have been. But, if I win, I'll expect to sell you some of my barbed wire—on its performance only. Is it a deal?"

His money was quickly covered.

They profanely agreed to his stipulation.

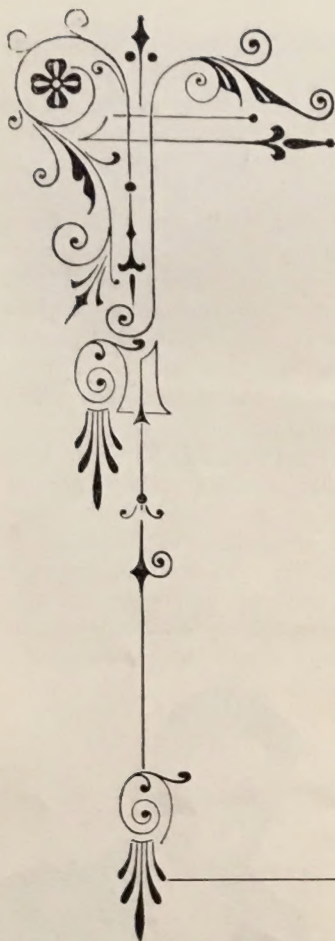
He had a few rolls of the barbed wire that had been consigned to him, hauled to the plaza, hired a man to work with him, constructed a 4-wire corral with a wide gate. The fence looked flimsy and his hecklers commented on this somewhat caustically. He worked and sweated under the glare of a merciless sun. He thought gloomily of how long it would take him to walk back to the home office miles away in Illinois.

At last the fence was finished. At a signal, cow punchers rode whooping into town, driving 25 big, tough, leggy longhorns, the biggest that they could find. The wild-eyed steers, snorting and distinctly annoyed, thundered into the barbed wire corral. Dust rose in a cloud. They (Continued on page 47)

COLLECTOR W. B. Cox of Portales, New Mexico, has gathered more than 100 different kinds of barbed wire over 20 years, displays his tremendous collection on foldout panels.







# In Defense of

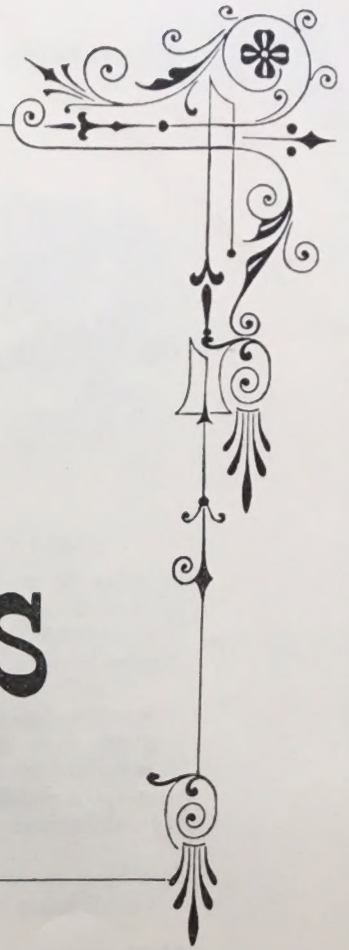
OSCAR BRAND is director of folk music for New York's municipal radio station, WNYC. He has done a half hour program every Sunday since 1945. His records of bawdy songs are on sale in leading shops across the country. A Canadian by birth, he is a U.S. Army veteran and has been seen on many TV programs including Omnibus. His composition, "A Guy Is A Guy," sold a million records for Columbia. He has sung at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall, and been called "one of America's best folk singers" by the New York Times.







# Bawdy Ballads



**Ribald backroom songs with off-color words are product of U. S. culture and British heritage, insists folk singer who has made hobby out of collecting and singing them.**

**By Oscar Brand**

**B**REATHES there a man with soul so dead that he has never repeated to himself one off-color limerick? Or sung alone or in congenial company the verses of at least one bawdy song? I don't think so, for the bawdy song and the naughty limerick are universal in the English-speaking world, and wherever you go you can find them.

The fact is that the bawdy song is really a distinguished product of our culture and British heritage, tracing its ancestry back to the free-and-easy days of yore, and counting among its singers our finest poets and statesmen. Some of the songs contain lines of matchless beauty and clarity, and though they may be changed in melody and verse from century to century, they have lived for hundreds of years

and are still as young in heart as the collegians who love so to sing them.

In preparing my record albums of "Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads," I had no difficulty in gathering my material. Most of them were being sung around tavern backrooms, fraternity smokers, barracks and campus dormitories. If I forgot a verse, I had only to ask at random and someone would surely supply the missing rhymes.

There are two versions of every song. There is the clean version, and then there is the version everybody knows. Perhaps that's the reason there was so much secret laughter not too long ago when Dinah Shore recorded "Sweet Violets." Everybody knew the (Continued on page 51)





## Choice Favorites In

### CHRIS COLUMBO

He knew the world was roundo;  
His beard hung to the groundo;  
That navigatin', calculatin' son of a  
gun Columbo!

In fourteen hundred ninety two,  
a gob from old Ital-ee  
Was walkin' through the street of  
Spain, a peddlin' hot tamale.  
He met the queen of Spain and said,  
"Just give me ships and cargo  
And hang me up until I'm dead if  
I don't bring back Chicago."

He knew the world was roundo;  
His beard hung to the groundo;  
That navigatin', calculatin' son of a  
gun Columbo!

"Hey, take your time," says Isabel,  
"and don't forget essentials.  
Come with me to my boudoir,  
I'll check up on your credentials."  
She gave her guest no time for rest,  
the pace was something wicked.  
Why every hour on the clock,  
she punched Columbo's ticket.

He knew the world was roundo;  
His beard hung to the groundo;  
That navigatin', calculatin' son of a  
gun Columbo!

For 40 nights and 40 days,  
they sailed the broad Atlantic.  
Columbus and his lousy crew,  
for want of gals was frantic.  
When they spied a tart upon the  
shore, off went coats and collars.  
In 20 minutes by the clock,  
she made ten thousand dollars!

He knew the world was roundo;  
His beard hung to the groundo;  
That navigatin', calculatin' son of a  
gun Columbo!

Then with happy shouts, they ran  
about and practiced conjugation  
When they sailed they left behind,  
ten times the population!

He knew the world was roundo;  
His beard hung to the groundo;  
That navigatin', calculatin' son of a  
gun Columboooooo!

### A GOB IS A SLOB

My mother told me not to talk to  
strangers in the street,  
As years went by, remembering,  
I was never indiscreet.  
But girls are girls and boys are boys  
and boys and girls are fools.  
They're all the same, so who's to  
blame? But it's nature makes  
the rules!

Well, I walked down the street like  
a good girl should.  
He followed me down the street  
like I knew he would,  
Because a gob is a slob wherever  
he may be—  
Listen, I'll tell you what the fellow  
did to me.

I walked to my house like a good  
girl should.  
He followed me to my house like I  
knew he would,  
Because a gob is a slob wherever  
he may be—  
Listen while I tell you what the  
sailor did to me.

I ran up the stair like a frightened  
hare.  
I even locked my bedroom door.  
I turned to the bed, I almost fell  
over dead.  
Somehow he sneaked right in  
before!

So I got into bed like a good girl  
should.  
He followed me into bed like I  
knew he would,

Because a gob is a slob wherever  
he may be—  
Listen I'll tell ya what this sailor  
did to me.

I pursed my lips, I tried to frown.  
But frowning's not my style.  
I tried to pout, but what came out  
was a coy inviting smile.  
I knew he would of had me, even if  
I had refused;  
He didn't need encouragement,  
but what he got he used.

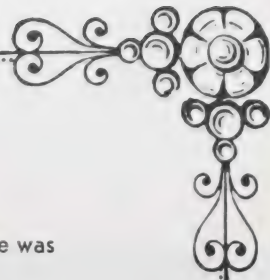


I got into bed like a good girl  
should.  
He followed me into bed like I  
knew he would,  
Because a gob is a slob wherever  
he may be—  
Now listen while I tell ya what this  
sailor did to me.

I got me a time like a good girl  
should.  
He got him a time like I knew he  
would,  
Because a gob is a slob wherever  
he may be—  
So listen while I tell ya what this  
sailor did to me.

He grabbed me tight and he  
switched off the light,  
And he settled down to stay.  
I would have said, "Please leave  
this bed."  
But who the hell is built that way?





# Oscar Brand's Albums

So I had me a child like a good girl  
should.  
And he went off to sea like I knew  
he would,  
Because a gob is a slob wherever  
he may be—  
Now you heard the story of what  
this sailor did to me.

## ROLLIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

In the hills of West Virginia lived a  
girl named Nancy Brown.  
She was the finest filly for many  
miles around.  
The deacon come a vistin' the  
valley from below;  
He almost reached the summit but  
no further would she go.  
And she come rollin' down the  
mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain.  
She come rollin' down the mountain  
shouting "No!"  
She didn't give the deacon that  
there thing that he was seekin'.  
She remained as pure as West  
Virginia snow.

Well, along come a trapper with  
his phrases sweet and kind.  
Took Nancy up the mountain, but  
at last she read his mind.  
And she come rollin' down the  
mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain.  
She come rollin' down the mountain  
piggy-back.  
She remained as I have stated  
not one whit contaminated.  
She remained as pure as pappy's  
applejack.

Well, along come a drummer and  
he wooed her with a song;  
Took her to the mountain but she  
still knew right from wrong.

And she come rollin' down the  
mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain.  
She come rollin' down the mountain  
breathing scorn.  
And she left her bold companion  
to the coyotes in the canyon.  
She remained as pure as West  
Virginia corn.



Well along come a city slicker with  
his hundred dollar bills;  
Took Nancy in his Cadillac and  
kept her in the hills.  
So she stayed up in the mountains,  
Stayed up in the mountains.  
Oh, she stayed up in the mountains  
all that night.  
She returned next morning early,  
more a woman than a girly;  
And her Pappy kicked the hussy  
out of sight.

Now she's livin' in the city, livin' in  
the city;  
She is livin' in the city mighty swell.  
She is dancin', she is dinin',  
On her fanny she's reclinin',  
And the West Virginia hills can  
go to hell!  
And the West Virginia hills can  
go to hell!

## HER NAME WAS LIL

Well, her name was Lil and she was  
a beautee;  
She lived in a house of ill repute—  
Gentlemen came from miles to see  
Lillian in her *deshabille*.

She was comely and she was fair  
And she had lovely golden hair—  
But she drank too deep of the  
demon rum,  
Smoked hashish and op-eye-um.

Well, day by day her cheeks grew  
thinner  
For insufficient protein in her—  
She grew deep hollows in her chest;  
Why, she had to go around  
completely dressed!

Now, clothes may make a girl go  
far,  
But they got no place on a  
*fille de joie*—  
Lillian's troubles started when  
She concealed her abdomen.

Well, she took to treatments in the  
sun,  
And she drank up Scot's  
emul-shi-on—  
Three times daily she ate yeast;  
Still her clientele decreased.

For you must know her client-elly  
Rested chiefly on her belly—  
She rolled that thing like the deep  
Pacific;  
It was something calorific.

So she went to the house physician,  
To prescribe for her condition.  
"Why, you have got," the doctor  
did say,  
"Pernicious anem-eye-ay."

Well, Lillian lay in her dishonor;  
She felt the devil's hand upon her.  
She said, "My sins I now repent."  
Said Satan, "That'll cost you fifty  
cents."





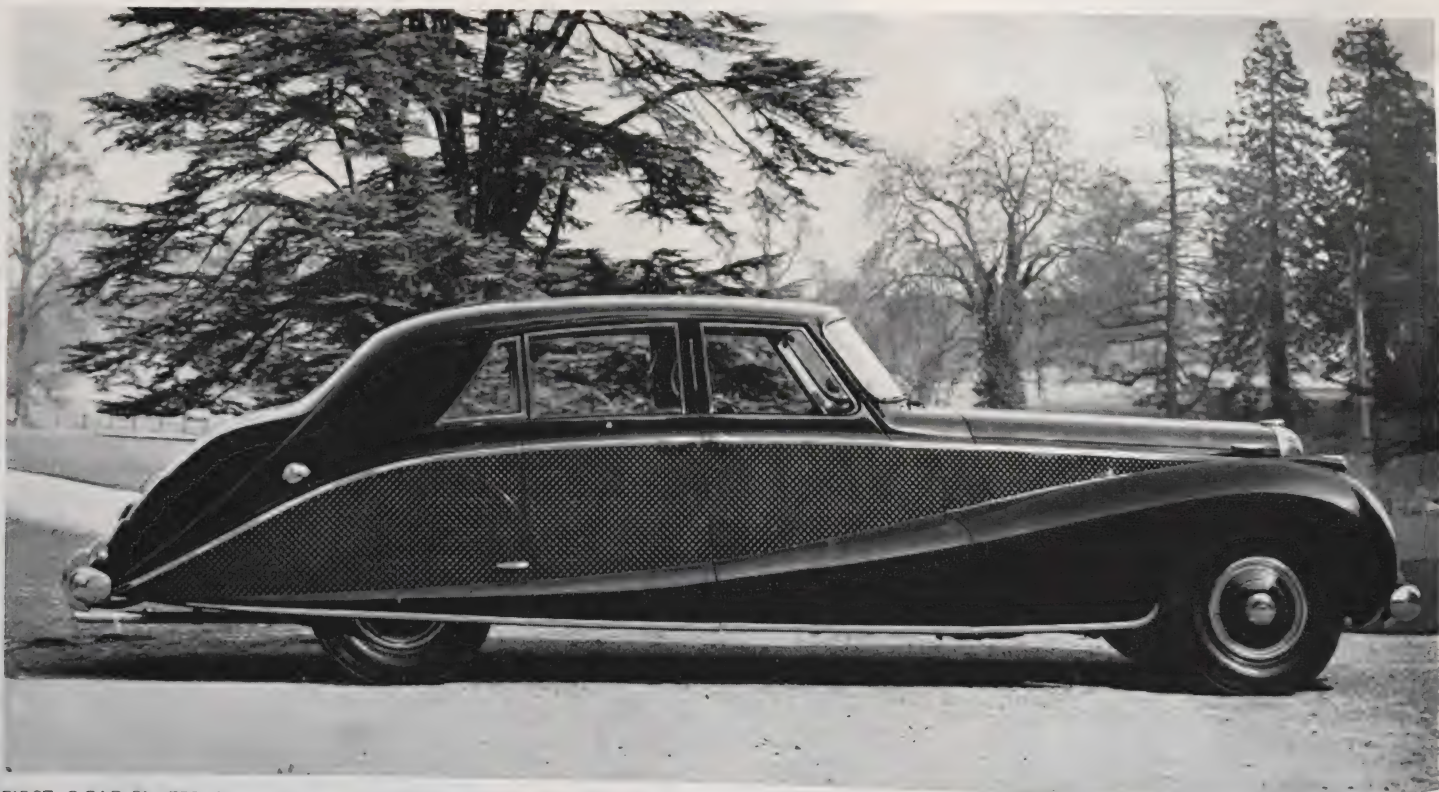
# WORLD'S MOST



SHOWROOMS of Hooper's on St. James Street in London proudly display royal coat of arms indicating they make bodies for kings.

For 150 years Hooper's has built world's most costly coachwork with everything from hidden toilets to built-in art studio for kings, queens and princes of industry.

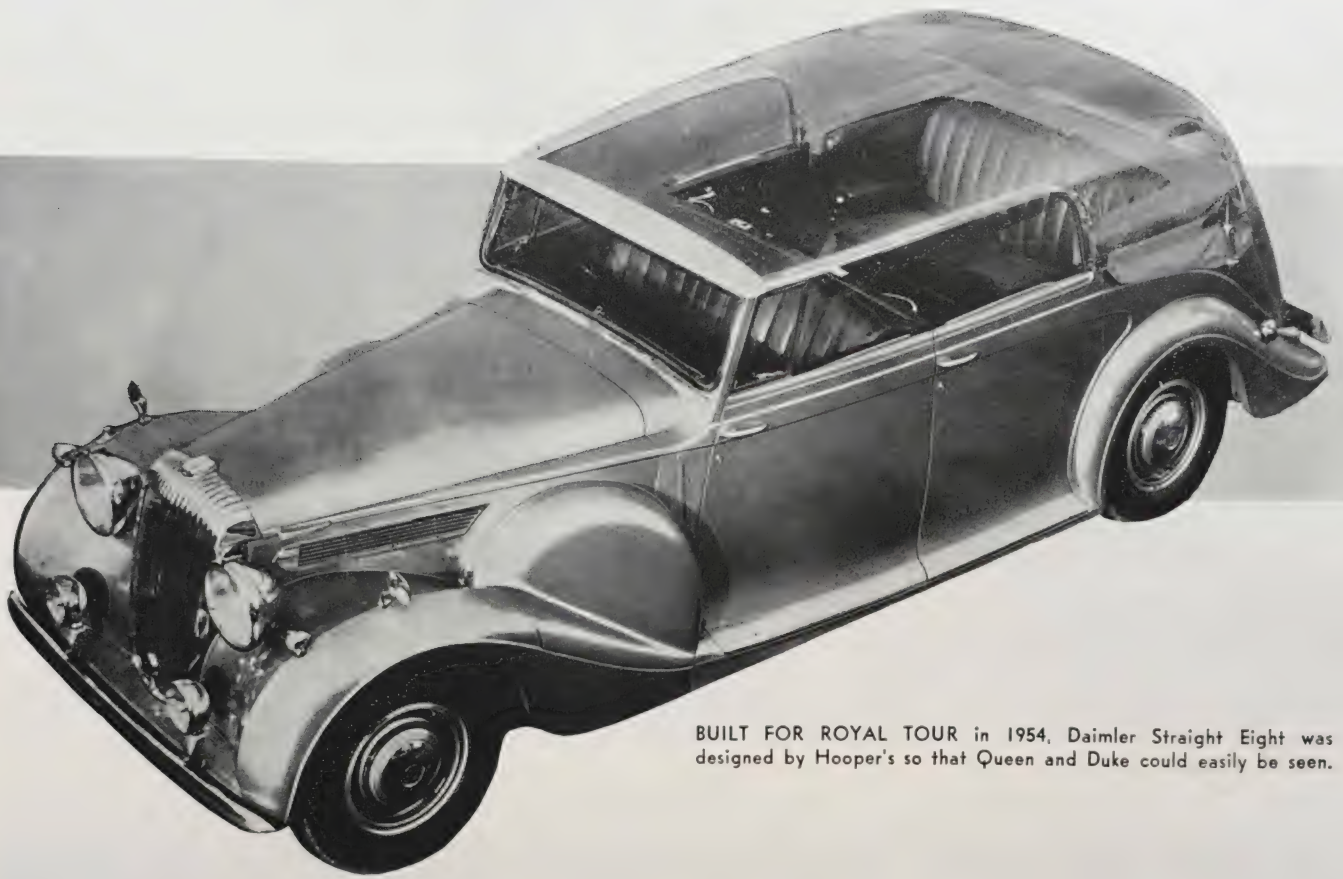
*By Jack Ramsay*



FIRST GOLD-PLATED DAIMLER was built by Hooper in 1951 for Sir Bernard Docker at cost of \$100,000. Five similar cars were made later. Bumpers and radiator were gold-plated. Vacuum jug in car was sterling silver "to relieve monotony of gold," according to announcements.



# BEAUTIFUL BODIES



BUILT FOR ROYAL TOUR in 1954, Daimler Straight Eight was designed by Hooper's so that Queen and Duke could easily be seen.

CONTRARY to what many admirers of the likes of Monroe and Lollobrigida think, the world's most beautiful bodies are not on display on the movie screens around the earth but rather in the showrooms of a historic firm on London's St. James Street. Here bodies have price tags of up to \$100,000 and unlike the Hollywood variety do not stress curves but rather straight conservative lines. They are the bodies turned out by Hooper & Co., a company which has been producing the zenith in custom-tailored car bodies since autos began.

Before that, Hooper's were building immaculate horse-drawn coaches for royalty and the nobility. Small wonder that the first car body Hooper's fitted for the British royal family had a coach-style saloon with 5-foot-6-inch headroom. The monarch and his travelling companions sat around in tall easy chairs instead of conventional car seats.

Hooper designs have progressed since that day, but the Hooper tradition of coach building has remained the same as it was 150 years ago. Hooper craftsmen are part of an ever-diminishing brotherhood for whom painstaking perfection is an everyday affair.

A Hooper production that Hooper's wish they had never made is the \$100,000 gold-plated Daimler built for Lady

Docker, who wanted it to match a favorite Paris gown. This spectacular vehicle glitters with gold from stem to stern—even the ignition key and exhaust pipe are plated with gold. Both front and rear bumpers gleam like solid gold bars and require replating after the slightest brush with another car. The Daimler's sleek flanks are covered with 7,500 small gold stars and the specially fitted alligator-skin luggage in the trunk sports golden clasps.

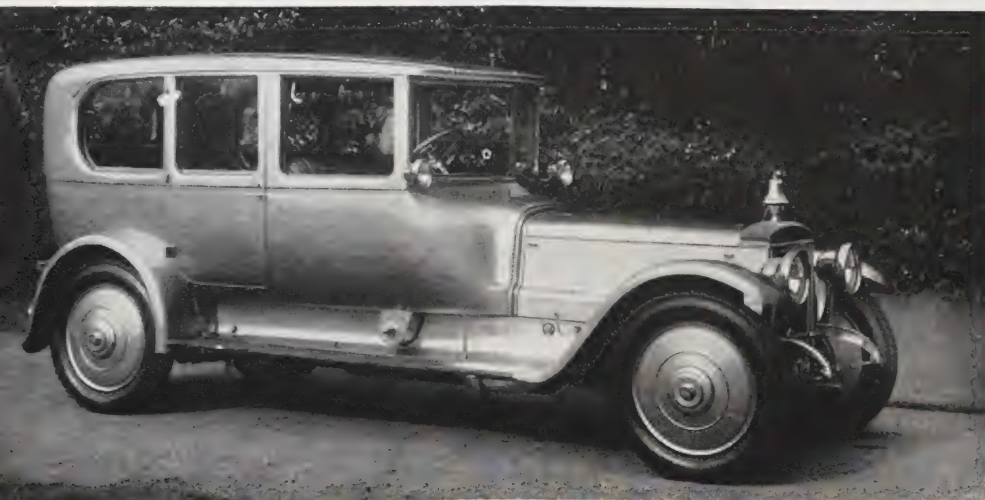
Even the black leather chauffeur's seat is trimmed with real gold cord, although for herself and her guests behind the power-operated glass division Lady Docker chose heavy gold brocade. It took Hooper's a month or two to find just the right gold-lipped Wedgewood teacups and gold spoons to fill the built-in compartment behind a golden clock facing the passenger seat.

As both Hooper's and Daimler's are minor members of BSA, the vast Birmingham Small Arms combine of which Norah Docker's husband, Sir Bernard, was then chairman, Lady D. was able to indulge her fantastic whim. The car provided tremendous publicity for all concerned but recently, when Sir Bernard was sacked after a whopping expense account row, both Hooper's and Daimler's had visions of high-hatted customers glancing coldly through





GOLD CAR with warning bell on hood was built for Indian prince in '30's, was returned to England later to be replated with pure gold. Hooper has big Far East clientele of princes.



KING OF SIAM had special body built on Daimler for him by Hooper's in 1931. It takes approximately nine months to turn out hand-finished body on Straight Eight's wheelbase of 147".



OPEN BACK of Daimler was designed so Queen Elizabeth and Duke could be seen when riding about to public events. Here they drive down the course on their arrival at Epsom race track. On their trip to Africa, their Daimler was specially built to withstand tropical damp,

monocles and lorgnettes at the \$100,000 car which helped spark off the row.

Despite its eye-catching opulence, however, Hooper's gold-plated baby had only one interesting innovation from the designer's point of view—its windows. These are really two windows, each separated by a tight air pocket which keeps London's weather at bay and allows the passengers to conduct a big business deal quietly in a busy street.

Mostly, Hooper bodies are fitted to three makes of chassis—Rolls-Royce, Rolls-Bentley and Daimler. Recently, when the owner of a 1952 Cadillac asked Hooper's to make certain modifications to his car, the salesman replied stonily, "I'm sorry sir, but we are unfamiliar with your make of vehicle."

"What the heck you think it is," replied the Caddy's irate American owner, "a Virginia sulky or a goddam bicycle?"

The point is, Hooper's won't sell a car to just anybody. They have to be sure that the prospective buyer will use his vehicle in a manner worthy of their name. Building car bodies for queens, kings, maharajahs, and princes of industry, Hooper's are unwilling to build freak designs and flashy gadgets which, although lucrative, are a departure from conservative traditions.





TOOL SET is cased like set of fine surgical instruments in Daimler Straight Eight which Hooper built for wealthy British industrialist.



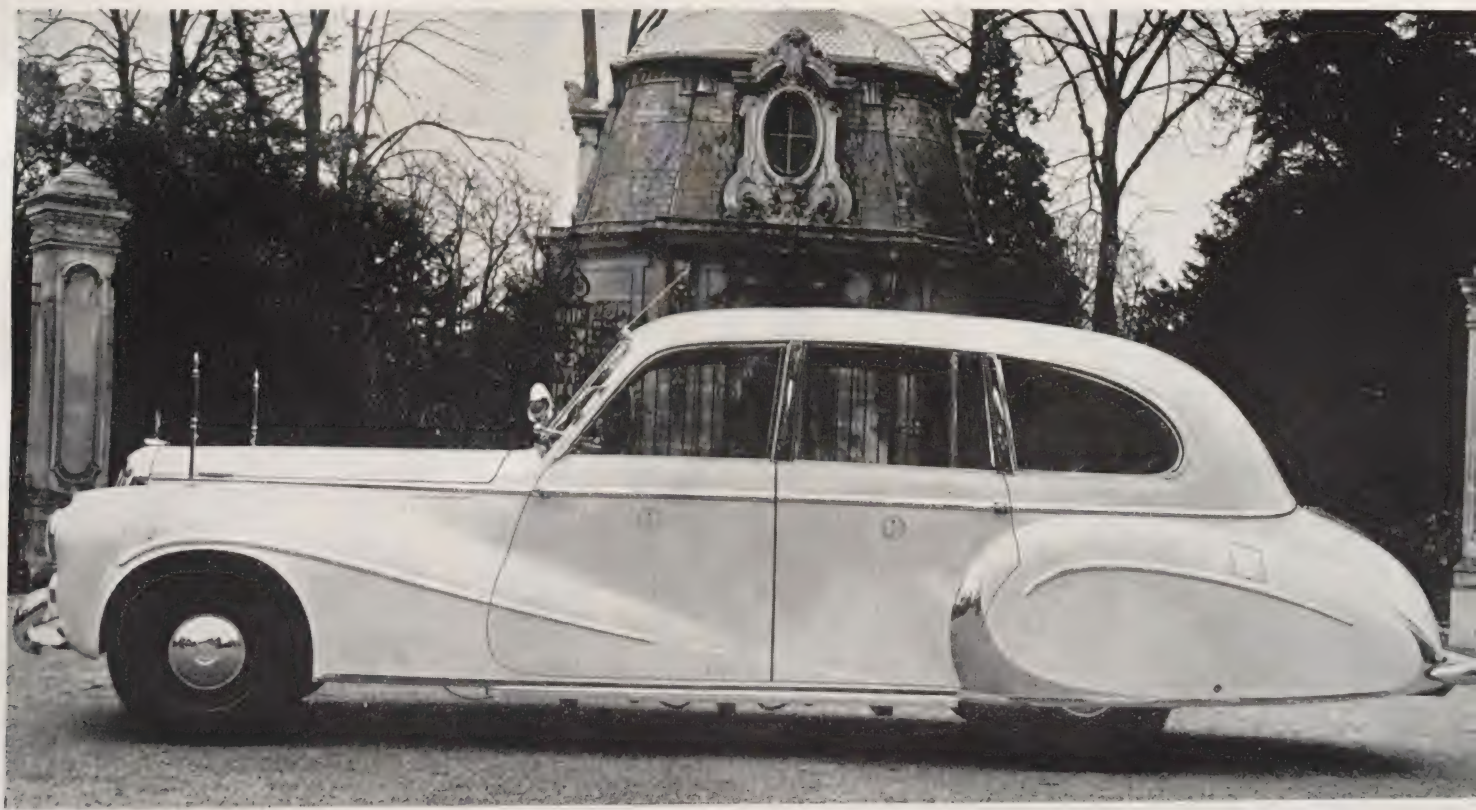
SPECIALY-MATCHED WOODS make inside of Daimler look like room in palace. Gold-lipped tea service is used in Lady Daimler's car.

Nevertheless, the firm has incorporated many unusual features into specially ordered bodies, ranging from concealed lavatories to full-size bathtubs, not to mention such lesser refinements as push-button scent sprays and pneumatic slide-out bars filled with crystal champagne sets.

Hooper's have often pandered to the eccentricities of Britain's landed gentry. For some reason that would doubtless interest a psychologist, it is usually wealthy old ladies who order hidden toilets to be incorporated in their Rolls-Royces. Hooper's don't like to discuss this practical modification, which is actually made to slide back into the large trunk.

During the 1914-1918 war a number of Rolls-Royce staff cars were fitted by Hooper's with collapsible beds. British brass was able to sleep while traversing sections of the French battle areas, and appear fresh and spruce after all-night journeys.

But such features are a cake walk when compared with the problem Hooper's design team was asked to tackle by Cecil Michaelis, the English painter. He wanted a Rolls-Royce chassis fitted with a Hooper body which could be opened out to form an artist's studio. When finished, springs in the body panels automatically set up an easel and bench; the seats converted (Continued on page 54)



KING OF SAUDI ARABIA had special Hooper-built body put on Daimler Straight Eight. Maharaja once had Doble steam car sent to London to be fitted with shooting blind by Hooper for use in tiger hunts. Most Hooper bodies are put on Daimlers in five-figure price class.





REPEATED ATTACKS ON DIVERS and other fish forced Seaquarium personnel to kill eight sharks. Diver removes dead shark among playful porpoises in Miami aquarium's 80-foot tank when denizens of deep are displayed for thousands of tourists who visit resort city.



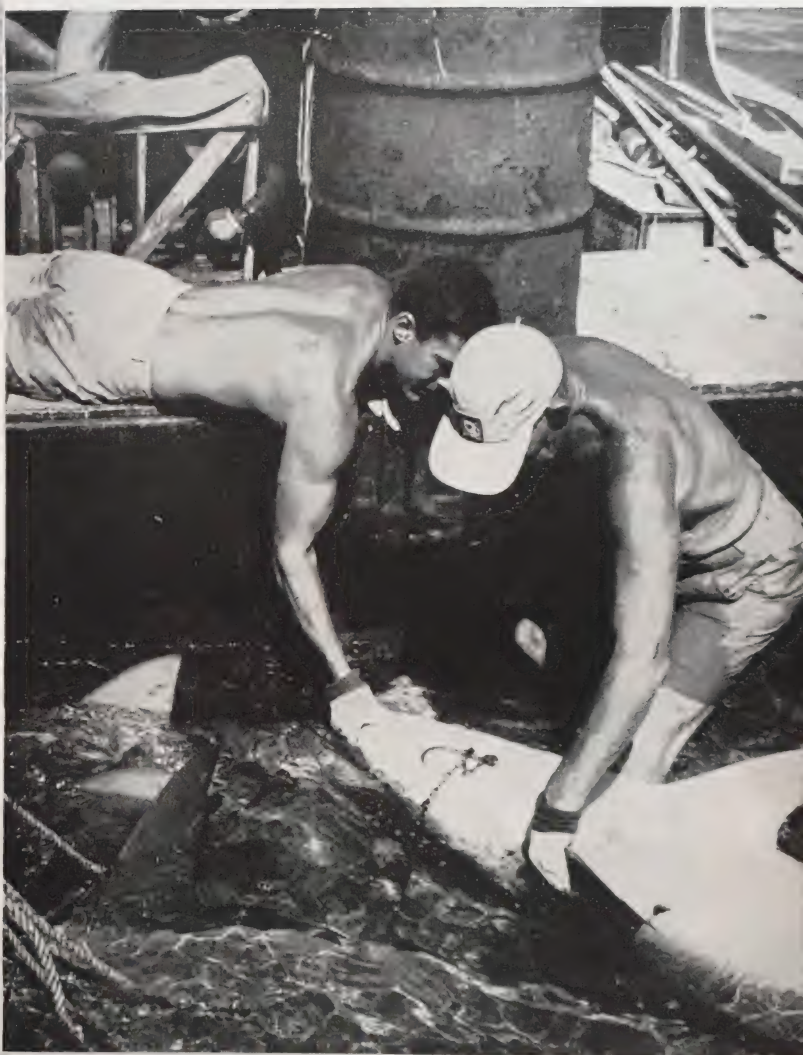


CAPTAIN BILL GRAY guides small boat on porpoise collecting trip in Caribbean, laying nets and lines to catch sea monsters.

# NURSEMAID TO MONSTERS

**Old salt Billy Gray tangles  
with the world's strangest sea monsters  
and brings 'em back alive.**

**By C. Arthur Larson**



KNEE DEEP IN SHARKS aboard Sea Cow, skipper Gray and helper remove hook from torpedo-shaped killer in converted landing craft.

**A** BIG GAME HUNTER who has rarely shot a gun and never seen a jungle is Captain William Gray, who has made a lifetime career of playing nursemaid to monsters. Captain Gray is a sea-going big-game hunter who goes after his quarry with rod and reel rather than Winchester and Remington. But unlike most big-game hunters, Captain Gray brings 'em back alive.

His job is collecting marine life for museums and aquariums and he has captured sea monsters of every shape and size as part of that job. Bringing back these killers in tip-top shape after unhooking these brutes while they are alive takes skill and patience, know-how and what is commonly called guts. A tall, muscular, salt-crusted seafarer in his early 60's, Captain Gray is still in one piece





**GIANT LOGGERHEAD TURTLE** has jaws which can clip off a man's hand. Captured by Captain Gray, turtle is landed with apparent ease.

despite his years of work at his hazardous job of collecting aquatic man-eaters.

It's an unusual day that does not find Captain Bill and his crew ranging the bright blue waters off the southern coast of Florida on one of his sea-going safaris, in a quest for a choice specimen of some tough piscatorial customer lurking below the peaceful surface of the tropical sea.

As a seasoned monster-hunter, Gray knows that he follows a highly perilous profession, and he never relaxes a vigilant eye when he boats a toughie like a gigantic devil ray or a 14-foot tiger shark. He explains that there is a definite technique and special equipment for taking each major species of sea monster.

Without question, Capt. Gray is one of the most experienced sharkers in American waters. He has taken them in every ocean and in every clime, including tigers, threshers, hammerheads, makos, blue sharks, sawfish, basking sharks, nurse sharks and porbeagles.

The Caribbean is an especially fine shark-ground, and today he ranges its waters far and wide for choice specimens for exhibition, displays and great aquariums. He has found that within a radius of 100 miles of Miami he can get a wide range of these brutes, for the warm waters of the Gulf Stream make this particular area an ideal feeding ground for predators of the shark family. Captain Gray says that there are about 150 species of sharks, and of these more than 40 inhabit the Caribbean.

He uses a familiar method in Gulf waters to catch sharks. At a known feeding ground is set a 1000 or 1200-foot length of sturdy rope or steel cable. At set intervals of about 50 or 100 feet are chain leaders, set with giant five-inch hooks, each baited with sting-ray meat (sometimes with bonita or barracuda). Typical bait is a 10 or 15 pound hunk of fishmeat. The (Continued on page 50)



**SEAQUARIUM PORPOISE** takes tasty morsel of fish from hand of Dell Winders during one of five daily shows. Playful mammals eat from 15 to 20 pounds of fish a day. They come jumping when conch shell sounds off "soup's on." There are total of 300 sea bass in big tank at Miami.





"By the look on your satisfied faces, I'd say I'm jist in time, eh daughter?"



**SEXOLOGY  
PLUS  
TECHNOLOGY  
COMES TO  
BURLESQUE**







Only stripper ever to hold plumber's union card,  
pretty blonde Tirza is typical of new crop  
of mechanically-minded strippers.

*By Henry Durling*



**T**IME WAS when a girl who had a good figure and could shake a little was all set to become a top-flight stripper if she wanted. If she could actually dance, she was practically a cinch for stardom. Today, however, looks and talent have been pushed into the background by the age of science and technology. Really successful strippers must not only know how to show off their natural charms to the best advantage, but they must know how to operate all kinds of fantastic props which they use in their acts. For the age of the gimmick is upon burlesque, and the big money and top billing are going to the girls who know how to work their gimmicks.

King-size mechanical men, wild animals, electrified costumes, automatic bubble baths, and intricate lighting effects are only a few of the



**TAKING STAGE BATH,** Tirza primps, then revels in water spray, wine fountains as she strips. She drinks wine to prove it real, climaxes in cloud of rainbow-hued soap bubbles.





BUBBLE BATH is most popular part of Tirza's routines, often is used by stripper alone without wine or water. More than 50,000 bubbles are used in each performance.

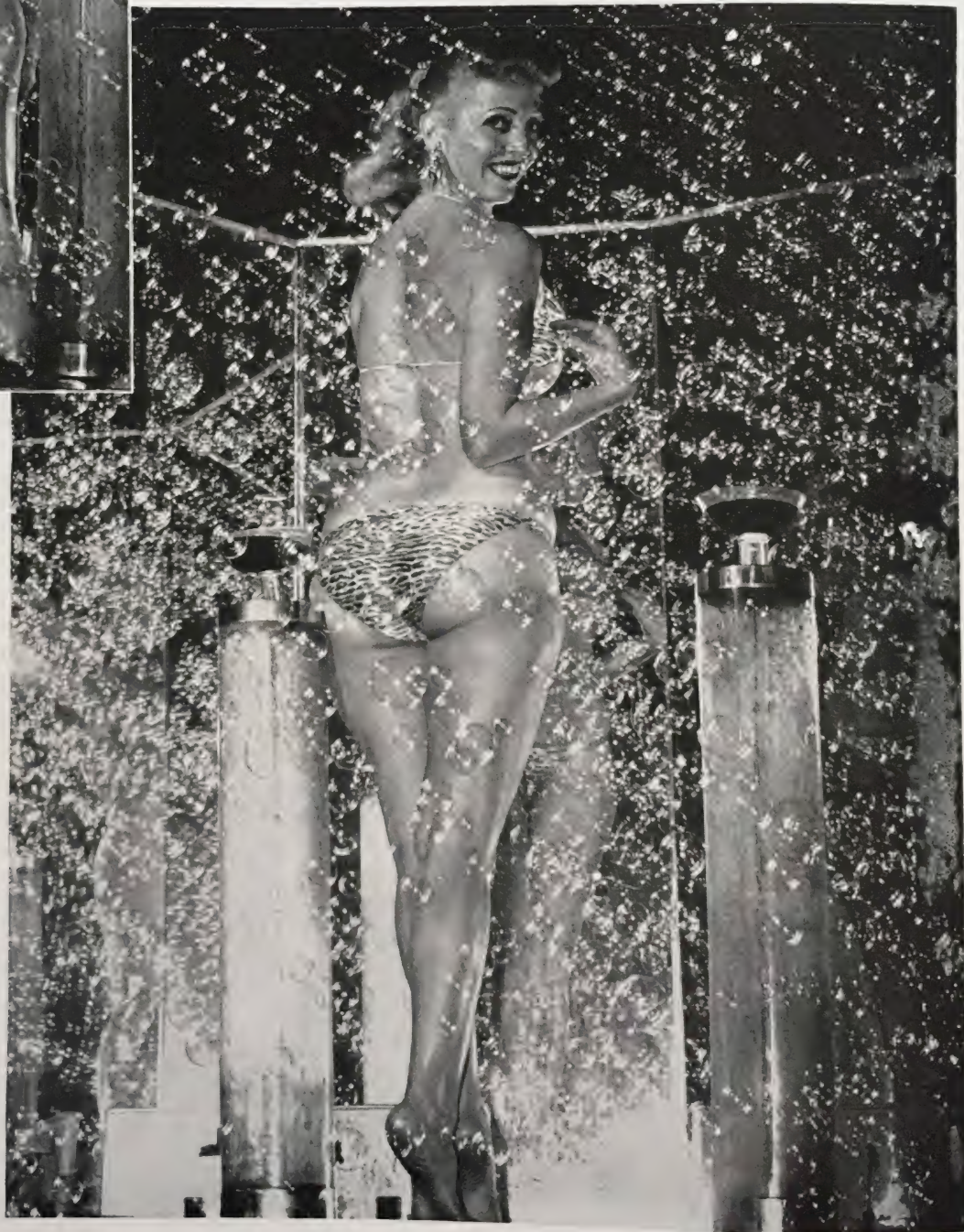
wonders of modern science that have taken their place on the stage along with the old-age attractions of curves in motion to lure pop-eyed males from their wives and television into night clubs and burlesque theatres. And while a degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology or the Kennesaw College of Animal Husbandry are not yet prerequisites for a career in burlesque, a healthy number of girls are finding it helps a great deal to master the arts of mechanical engineering, practical electronics aquatics, zoology and plumbing.

Typical of the new generation of scientific strippers, whose knowledge of technology almost equals their

knowledge of sexology is a long-lashed blonde miss named Tirza, who has invented, built and now spends most of her time maintaining the most complicated public bath act in the nation.

Wine baths, bubble baths, and shower baths have been occasionally transported to the stage and indulged in by shapely lasses for a number of years, and each time the girls have found the audience reaction was enthusiastic and demanded more of the same. Tirza, with a fine impartial hand, has managed to combine all three in one act, which is creating a sensation—wherever she plays.

The device which first showers her with a fine (Continued on page 48)

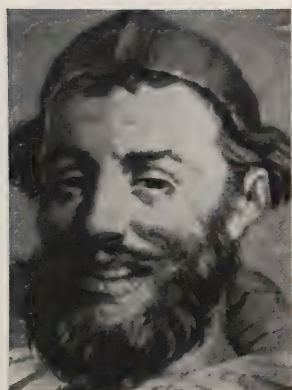




FRANCOIS RABELAIS:

# Liberator Of Literary Libido

By exciting erotic emotions of readers with pages  
of four-letter words and imaginative stories of lechery,  
master of Renaissance ribaldry stirred up  
anger against dictators of his day.



LOVE OF LAUGHTER is shown  
in Rabelais' portraits as young  
man and in middle age (left).

By Ron Spillman

ONE OF the most fantastically funny authors in the history of world literature was a Frenchman who succeeded in breaking nearly every taboo about what was fit to print that was ever invented, but whose books are best known today only as fables for children. His name was Francois Rabelais, and in the 400 years since his death, nobody has succeeded in writing and publishing such frank and hilarious accounts of nearly every natural function known to man, and kept out of jail.

Yet practically the only people today who know about the adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel and their friends are the children who have read carefully censored editions, and the



MEDIEVAL COURTESAN typical of Rabelais' times uninhibitedly displays her wares with low-cut gown and lifted skirt. She carries scales to weigh fee as she strolls along Paris streets.



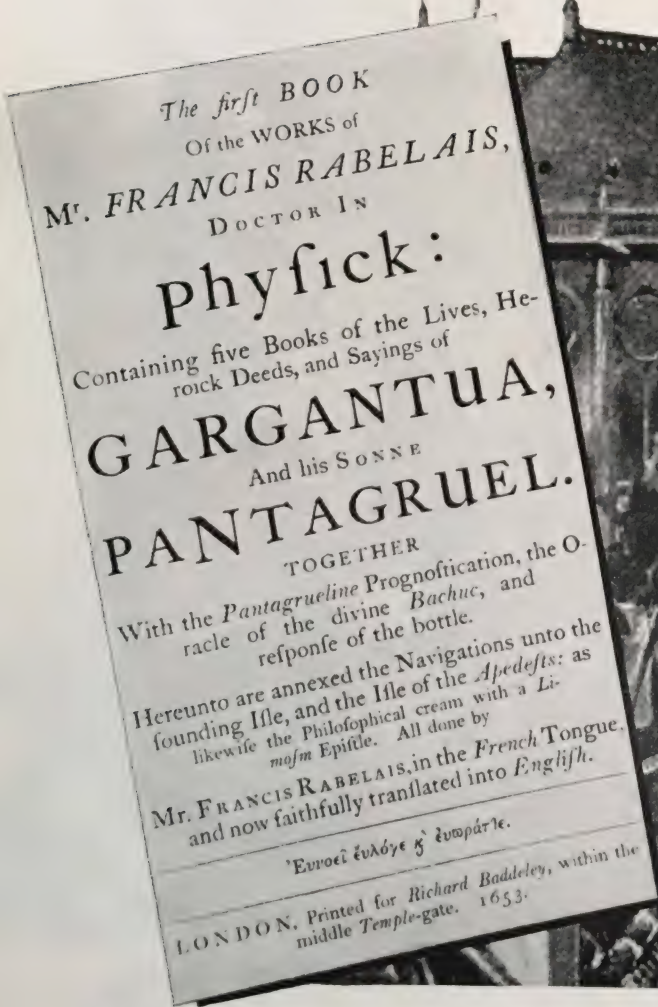


BABY GARGANTUA was bigger than nurses, drank wine by gallon. When full grown, giant found only suitable resting place after long walk in Paris was Notre Dame Cathedral. First edition in English was published in 1653 (below). London publisher billed Rabelais as physician.

scholars and bookworms who have unearthed the works of this master of the earthy and uninhibited tale. While modern authors are banned for being one-tenth as frank as Rabelais, editions of his work in modern, easy-to-read translations that have lost none of their ribald uninhibitedness lie forgotten on the shelves of nearly every library in America.

"Reading Rabelais," one scholar commented recently, "is very much like sex. Everyone talks about it a lot, but practically nobody does as much of it as they say they do."

Nowhere can a reader find such a mountain of laughter as in the lusty





accounts of sexual conquest, earthy buffoonery and riotous orgies that Rabelais piles one on top of the other through all five of his books on "The Grand Adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel."

While neglected today, Rabelais' books were best-sellers that skyrocketed to fame the rebel from his comfortable position as a respected doctor. Back in the early 1500's when they were published, in two months, the second book of the adventures of his uninhibited, good-natured giants sold more copies in Paris than any book sold in the preceding nine years.

Although pretty strong stuff by today's "enlightened" standards, Rabelais' lusty humor was so frank and good-natured that it emerges as natural and innocent as the bodily functions which it so often discusses. There is something about the picture of young Gargantua, on his first visit to Paris, feeling the urge and washing away thousands of citizens when he relieves himself on the city, that tickled the funnybones of Frenchmen of Rabelais' time, and still tickles funnybones today.

Accounts of the fabulous eating and drinking orgies popular in Rabelais' time—when crowds would sit down on specially fitted chairs and eat for days without bothering even to move



UNINHIBITED PASTIMES of Rabelais' day were recorded by engraver who illustrated his book with harlot bargaining for services, and gamblers joshing with gaming-house mistress.



when nature called, but using the special fittings instead—occupy much of his attention, and so do prodigious sexual feats.

But they were not just buffoonery and farmyard humor.

The first really well-written books in the French language, for most writers felt that only Latin was a fit medium for their artistic productions, the books

took the nation and finally the world by storm.

Rabelais was a keen observer, and laid the scenes of his stories in regions which he himself had visited, and which he describes in detail. His knowledge of history, literature and science is immense. And under the veneer of humor students have found sharp criti- (Continued on page 45)



EARTHY SIDE of human comedy was Rabelais' favorite subject, and modern artist Dubout has decorated walls of a Paris restaurant with Rabelaisian scenes like giant inspecting bashful lady, glutton in midst of his pleasures, and beefy harlot walking with tiny customer.



# How Panurge Sent A Lady Of High Degree To The Dogs

One of the sex wonders of the world, Panurge is rebuffed in making passes at loveliest lady in town and takes his revenge with the aid of an army of canines.

By Francois Rabelais

PANURGE had acquired quite a reputation in Paris and the activity of his codpiece (a 15th century style of trouser) was proportionally greater. To that effect, he had it pinked and slashed with ornate embroidery after the Roman fashion. His praises became a topic of general conversation. There was even a song written to celebrate his exploits; the little children sang it as they went to fetch mustard. Best of all, he was made welcome in the most elegant circles. But it went to his head; he actually had the presumption to beleaguer one of the great ladies of the city.

Scorning the rigmarole of prefaces and preliminaries, Panurge popped the question outright. "Madame," he told this lofty lady, "it would prove beneficent to the commonwealth, pleasurable to your person, honorable to your progeny and necessary to me that I love you for the propagation of my race. You may take my word for this, Madame; experience will prove it to you conclusively."

The lady, indignant, thrust him a thousand leagues away. "You crazy knave, how dare you talk like that? Who do you think I am? Get out of here at once and never let me lay eyes upon you again. For two pins, I'd have your arms and legs sawed off!"

"Madame," he protested, "I would not care two pins if my arms and legs were sawed off, providing you and I had first fought a merry bout of spermary-snuggery. For Master Johnny Inigo, a master instrumentalist, begs to fiddle and thrum, sweep the *viola d'amore*, play the manichord, tweedle the gittern, strike the lyre, beat the drum, wind the horn and grind the organ until you feel his music throbbing in the marrow of your bones. A wily gallant, Master Johnny: he will not fail to find all the cranks, winches, wedges, pullies, nippers, clutches, teeth, springs and rigging stored in your delicate self."

"Go to, scoundrel, and away! One more word out of you and I'll shout for help. I'll have my servants beat you to death."

"No, Madame," Panurge protested. "You are not as cruel as you pretend. You cannot be or else your face is a living lie. Let earth soar upward into the firmament,

let high heaven sink into the bottomless pit, let the whole concert of nature be annihilated ere your beauty and grace secrete one drop of gall or malice. They say that it is virtually impossible for man:

*To find in women beauty unallied*

*With arrogance or cruelty or pride*

but that holds only for vulgar beauties. Your own is so priceless, so unique, so heavenly that I vow Nature has bestowed it on you as a paragon to prove what she can do when she cares to muster all her power and science.

Everything in you is honey, sugar, celestial manna. To you Paris should have awarded the golden apple, not to Venus or Juno or Minerva. For Juno possessed no such nobility, Minerva no such wisdom, Venus no such comeliness.

"O ye, heavenly gods and goddesses! how happy the man whom you allow to kiss and fondle you, to cosset and nuzzle

you. By God, I am that man, I plainly feel it. Already she loves me her bellyful I swear; ay, Panurge is predestined to it by the nixies and fairies. Let us lose no time: come, slap-dash, helter-skelter, holusbolus, to horse and fair riding, tantivy, hoicks!"

Whereupon he sought to embrace her; but she moved towards the window as if to call for help, so Panurge made off hastily. Yet ere retreating:

"Madame," he said, "wait for me here; I'll call your friends, don't bother!"

And he withdrew, unfeased and no less cheerful despite the rebuff.

Next day, Panurge stood waiting at her door, bowed deep as she passed, then kneeled familiarly beside her.

"Madame," he declared, "you must know how madly in love with you I am. Why, I can neither piddle nor cack for love of you! I don't know how you feel, but, Madame, suppose I took ill from it, wouldn't you be responsible?"

"Go away, I don't care anything about it. Leave me alone."

"One moment!" Panurge begged. "Please equivocate on 'à Beaumont le Viconte?'"

"I don't know what you mean!" (Continued on page 46)

"How Panurge Sent A Lady Of High Degree To The Dogs" is an excerpt from the Second Book of the "Adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel." The story spotlights Panurge, friend and companion to the young giant, Pantagruel. Although an ordinary mortal in stature, Panurge was heroic in his sexual prowess, a free-living, easy-loving Renaissance-style wolf whose considerable talents and energies were devoted almost always to pursuing the same pleasures that have attracted red-blooded men in every age.





"AS SHE FLED through the streets, everyone stopped to watch the dogs turning her elegant toilette into a very toilet."



# THE SEXUAL



Popular exotic explains facts  
about care and feeding of ladies  
who bump and grind for living  
and tells what happens on dates  
when male animals get too anxious.



# BEHAVIOR OF STRIPPERS



BONGO DRUM ACT as performed by Blaze Starr is popular with fans. She dances around drums as she beats out rhythms.



**By Blaze Starr**

THE STAGEDOOR Johnny, as such, is today about as much a relic as is the Terraplane, the nickel near-beer and lace-lined bloomers. By that I mean it's a pretty rare thing to emerge from a stagedoor after a few performances of grinding towards a giant bump and seeing a moustachioed Mr. Hyde waiting for you, complete with carnation and Cadillac.

I don't say it isn't being done. I just say I haven't seen much of it in the short time I've been professionally stripping down to display most of my inner personality.

As busy as a stripper keeps herself, though, she manages to meet men, and I'm no exception. You'll hear disrobers tell you unhappily that they keep on the move so much they have no chance to strike up any romantic relationships to last beyond the time it takes to down a quick drink. Sadly, that's more or less true—but in this day and age



AFTER SHOW, Blaze likes to relax in minimum of clothes.



MODERN

**MAN**

FAIR LADY  
OF THE  
MONTH

## Blaze Starr

She reveals secret of what  
strippers do on dates









WORTH  
**MAN**

FAIR LADY  
OF THE  
MONTH

*Blaze Starr*

She reveals secret of what  
strippers do on dates







SENSUOUS LOOK of Blaze is accented by black gloves and roses which are favorite props used in her highly-exotic night club act





AUTOGRAPHING photos for fans, Blaze is dressed in favorite costume—nothing.



REVEALING NIGHTIES are what Blaze wears when receiving company in her apartment.

if any gal really wants fun and games, she'll find time for men. And especially if she's lucky enough to be a star stripper, she won't have to go wandering through strange streets to meet eligible escorts. Because time is an important factor, she'll almost always find that the escorts fortunately arrive unfrozen, preheated, and ready for cooking.

Are the men whom strippers come in contact with any different from the men who date, say, stenographers or school teachers? No, except in one way: the man who takes out a stenographer or a school teacher will sometimes wait till the end of the evening before he tries to impress her with the (usually inaccurate) fact that he's a kingsize Gable, Boyer, and Flynn. Mostly Flynn.

With a stripper, he generally figures he's wasted a lot of time if he hasn't made at least one pass within a minute after saying "How do you do?"

I'll probably bring the wrath of all my sister undressers down on my shoulders for saying this, but I believe no stripper should be particularly insulted or even surprised if her date attempts to hurry her off to the nearest dark spot. Because of the nature of what she's chosen to do for a living, she's asking for it.

I could tell you that what takes place on a date with a pretty peeler is the same as what takes place on a date with a tasty telephone operator or a sweet salesgirl. But I wouldn't be telling the truth.

Even if a stripper calls herself an





ON STAGE Blaze does well-applauded act in which she strips while steam shoots up around her legs. She wears suggestive costume including net stockings and fox fur piece.



"exotic" or "interpreter of moods" because these names are supposed to sound more ladylike, she's still in the business of taking her clothes off for the sole purpose of exciting the male customers. As a result, the man who comes for her after the curtain has fallen isn't especially thinking of rushing her off for a refreshing visit to the Planetarium.

He's convinced he's going to score.

And the realistic stripper who takes his arm knows this very well and has already decided on how to handle him—if handling him is what she intends to do. The shopgirl who looks alarmed and cries out, "Why how dare you make such a suggestion!" may get away with it. A pastie-pitcher who recites the same speech, on the other hand, is going to look—and sound—foolish as hell.

I consider myself a realistic stripper. And I enjoy dates. I'm grown up enough to know that the fellow who takes me in a cab to the city's best cafe, feeds me steak and champagne, is not the fellow who's going to drop me off at my hotel, shake my hand warmly and tell me it's all been just oodles of fun.

Particularly because he'd seen me just a few hours ago steaming up the stage and impersonating a sex-starved gal. He's going to be a trifle insane if he doesn't make a yeoman effort to convince me to share an innerspring inning with him.

And I'm not shocked in the least when he makes the effort. I frankly get a swift and surging pain when one of my colleagues in the bump brigade says to me, "I was out last night with a creep who'd been watching me all afternoon and evening from Row A. I went up to his apartment for a drink and—you know what?—we weren't there more than two minutes before he started to make like a caveman! Of all the nerve!"

To which I usually ask how come the man waited a full two minutes!

The fact is that when a stripper is out on a date she does some of the same things a non-stripper does: being female, she does everything possible to look pretty and sound alluring; she tries to be interesting in her conversation and to appear to be unconsciously sexy in her movements. She likes dancing, movies, eating and drinking in good clubs, and she doesn't get angry when she's complimented. As for her date's seduction pitch, his success will be based (Continued on page 52)





**"I have two good ones up front, but I don't imagine you'd want them."**



# MIRACLE

AIRPLANE DESIGNED by gifted Florentine artist Leonardo da Vinci who made self-portrait (left) used flapping wing idea but was not successful with man-power. Similar gas engine flew in Germany in 1914.





# MAN OF THE AGES

Renaissance genius Leonardo da Vinci who was one of the greatest artists of all times proved himself to be versatile and practical military engineer, too, by developing machine guns, airplanes and other modern weapons of war.

*By Edouardo Guillermo*

**I** WISH TO WORK miracles," wrote Leonardo da Vinci, and if ever a mortal man came near to such divine aspirations, Leonardo did. His sculpture and paintings achieved the heights of beauty for which the Renaissance was renowned, but as significant as his works in philosophy, medicine, and graphic arts was his research as a military scientist.

His command of the science of ordnance and gunnery was far in advance of the general knowledge of the era. A go-getter and man of action, Da Vinci's warlike designs contrast strangely with his renowned accomplishments in the arts. His sculptures and paintings should have been enough for any man to leave to the ages, but not for Da Vinci.

The petty kingdoms and duchies of northern Italy were in a perpetual state of war, and Leonardo gave his talents to the powerful Ludovico, Duke of Milan, for warfare. As accurately as if he knew the future, Da Vinci laid down plans for aircraft, submarines, machine guns and other modern weapons.

Many designs made by the bearded genius have their counterparts today. In weapons of war, if Da Vinci were alive today, he would take second place to no one as an inventor.

He invented a helicopter, a large screw-spiral cloth vane which could be turned by men working cranks on the flying platform. Today, the Army's "hoppi-copter" one-man flying platform uses turning vanes, or helicopter fans, to

get lift. All Da Vinci needed was a source of power lighter and more forceful than a man.

He had that power by harnessing steam, and used it to shoot cannon balls. And there is only a slight difference from a steam cannon with the "piston" that slides out of the bore, and one which has a piston attached to a wheel by a crank, to get a turning motion like a steam engine.

The Da Vinci steam cannon, which was a breech-loader, had a brazier-of-fire cage surrounding the barrel at the breech. Filled with hot coals, the barrel itself would become red hot and turn water into steam instantly like a flash boiler. Through use of a gun barrel respectable



TANKS WHICH CAN CROSS WALLS are tactically important in modern war and Da Vinci foresaw their use when he built armored gun platform for fighting in Italian wars.





velocities could be attained by the cannon ball. Da Vinci's idea was good—so good in fact that in 1861 boiler-maker Ross Winans of Baltimore developed the "Winans Steam Battery," which was a steam-powered cannon like that of the Renaissance. The Winans steam gun was not used in combat although favorable tests were made of it. But the influence of the gun, nee Da Vinci's steam cannon, was considerable. It turned young Walter Winans, Ross Winans' son, to a life-long interest in guns. Walter Winans in the 90's became one of the world's best shots with gun and pistol, and a prolific author of shooting books.

A "machine gun" designed by him was almost "modern," considering the mechanical principles of the day. Leonardo's invention was a triangular set of rows of barrels, each row of twelve parallel muzzle-loaded barrels acting as the side of a triangular prism. The center axis of the prism was also the axle of the gun carriage.

Leonardo devised this multiple charge gun for defending breeches in fortress walls, stairways, or hill crests against assault, but the more common use was against massed charges of men. The "infernal machine" with which the assassin Fieschi killed Marshal Mortier and a large number



SCREW BREECH OF DA VINCI'S CANNON was rotated by worm gear acting on toothed drum to open for loading. Mechanism is identical to that used on modern heavy artillery breech block. Atomic artillery (inset and bottom) was prophetically foretold by incredible Florentine genius.



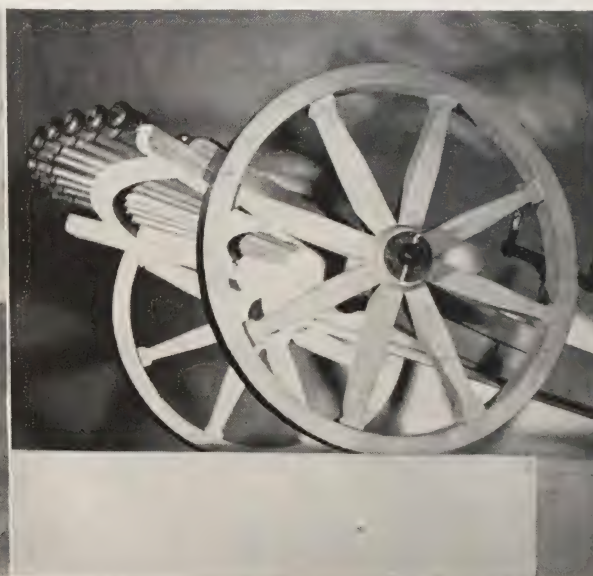
of others in his attempt to kill Louis Phillippe, King of the French, in 1835, was a crude form of Da Vinci's battery gun with one row of barrels fired by a powder train. Many battery guns are of this type, but Leonardo's was a rapid fire gun, permitting loading of the just-fired battery as the triangle block rotated backwards—perhaps assisted by recoil—while a loaded battery was brought into line and another loaded battery ready in reserve. For really rapid fighting, the Leonardo battery gun was more efficient than any other of the period, but the rate of fire was limited by the time it would take to charge and ram all 12 barrels.

By the time of the American Civil War, the Billingham-Requa battery gun was evolved. The breechloading Billingham-Requa, made by the celebrated New York gunmaker, was charged by 25 metal cartridges set into a long plate like a piano hinge. Once loaded, a powder train was laid along the backs, firing each through a tiny hole in the base of each case. Billingham's gun could be fired about eleven volleys or 275 rounds per

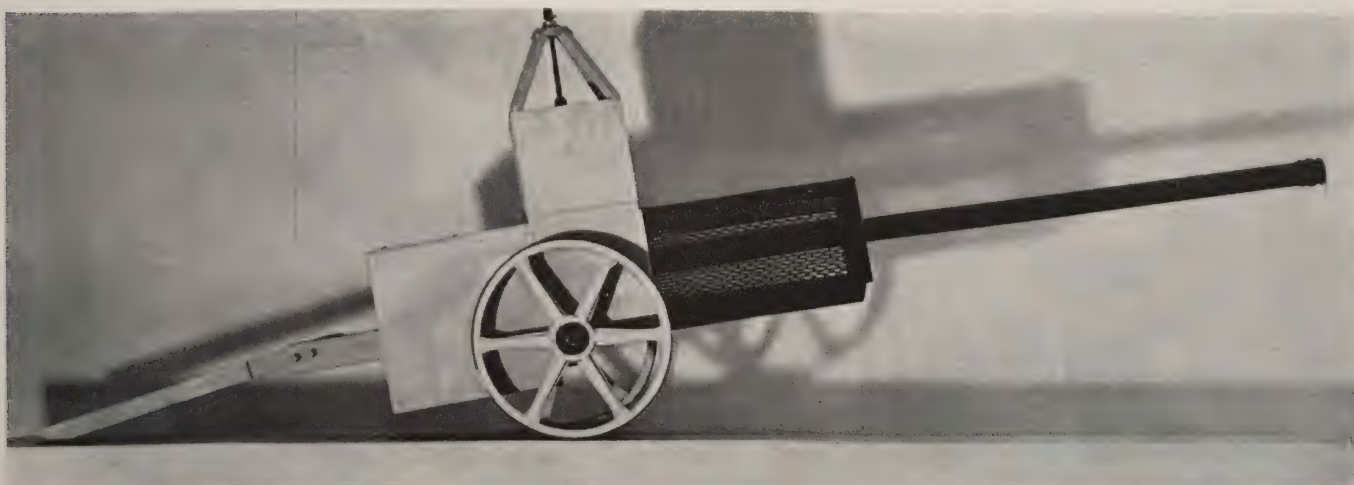
*(Continued on page 44)*



CANNON SHELL OR HAND GRENADE invented by Da Vinci was substantially the same as later Mills grenade used in World War I.



BATTERY GUN WHICH FIRED 25 RIFLE BARRELS in succession was built by New York gunmaker William Billingham for covered bridge defense during the 1860's but was predated by Da Vinci's battery gun by many centuries. Da Vinci's gun was used by French in 1750's.



STEAM GUN WHICH CARRIED HOT COALS, flashing water in barrel into steam, was thought up by Da Vinci, used in 1860 by Confederates.



# RADIO'S RISQUE MOMENTS



LISTENING to tapes of radio shows, Kermit Shafer edits out bloopers that make up popular record albums. Shafer even has tape recorder in his car to monitor shows while he drives.

Amusing blooper albums  
record fluffs ranging  
from four-letter words  
to simple Spoonerisms.

By Robert Lucas



SHAFFER'S HOME is completely wired with complicated equipment to catch equipment. His wife, a former Conover model, helps him catch radio errors. His dog has earphones, too.



**T**HE FUNNIEST and most entertaining moments on radio and television are not always those carefully planned "ad libs" of professional gag writers. Rather they are the impromptu, unrehearsed offbeat remarks that just accidentally happen from time to time and cause no end of embarrassment to radio station executives. Certainly what sometimes comes over the air would not be approved by any censor.

Consider, for instance, the case of the small boy who was asked by a condescending emcee if he had "ever done anything bad." The youth admitted that he had and blurted out an earthy four-letter word to describe his indiscretion. Needless to say, the voluble emcee was speechless for the moment. Although the word used by the youngster was not one generally heard in polite company, the kid's blunt frankness offered such a contrast to the emcee's syrupy pomposity that the effect was hilarity rather than shock.

These so-called "bloopers" vary from merely titillating to downright risqué. The emcee of an early morning farm program in the Midwest, for example, was announcing winners in competition at the local fair. He named the winners of the tractor driving contest, corn husking and other categories, then added, "And one of our own girls, Miss Betty Smith, was chosen as the best hoe-er."

Ordinarily, these slips would provide their brief moment of embarrassment and/or merriment, then vanish into oblivion. However, they have been preserved in wax by a man who has turned a hobby into big business. And one of the most popular parlor pastimes today is listening to the replay of such classics as Uncle Don's comment after completing his kiddie's radio show with a cheery sign-off. Thinking the microphone had been turned off, the weary emcee muttered darkly, "I guess that'll hold the little bastards!"

Afterward, the radio personality stoutly denied having said such a thing, but his actual words were recorded and the incident didn't help his career. He was eventually fired.

The man who put Uncle Don's indiscretion on wax is Kermit Schafer, who for years has been collecting verbal fluffs made by others on radio and television. To describe these goofs on the air he invented the word "bloopers" and made it part of the American language.

There is no estimate of the (Continued on page 55)

## TOP RADIO BLOOPERS

**ANNOUNCER:** "And Dad will love Wonder Bread's delicious flavor too. Remember, it's Wonder Bread for the breast in bed."

**RADIO COMMENTATOR:** "All the world was thrilled with the marriage of the Duck and Doochess of Windsor."

**ANNOUNCER:** "Ladies, at Zimmer's you'll find sneakers that are also excellent for street walking."

**WARREN HULL**, master of ceremonies of the popular TV show *Strike It Rich*, interviewed a five-year-old girl whose father was serving with the U. S. Army in Korea. She wanted to "Strike It Rich" for an apartment where she would have her own bedroom. Surprised, Hull asked, "With Daddy away in Korea, isn't the apartment you live in with Mommy big enough? The little girl replied, "During the week I sleep in the bedroom with Mommy, but on weekends when Uncle Charlie comes, they make me sleep on a cot in the kitchen. Anyway, he's not really my uncle!"

**JOHN J. ANTHONY:** "And what is your problem, mam. Speak right up into the microphone."

**GUEST:** "My problem is this, Mr. Anthony. My husband isn't talking to me or having anything to do with me since his business fell off."

**MOREY AMSTERDAM**, on all-night benefit show: "I'll be able to give you a report on how much money in just a few minutes. Oh, here's a note that was just handed to me. Mr. and Mrs. John Gielgud of the Bronx sent in \$2. Oh, the note says: 'Tell Teresa to go to bed.' All right, Teresa will go to bed for \$2 — oh, I'm sorry."



AUDIO CIRCUITS are installed throughout Schafer's home on hilltop in Central Valley, including garden terrace. He monitors programs at will.





"Personally, I think he's bragging."





**WILDEST PARTY** of the year in Hollywood was the testimonial for composer-conductor David Rose. Emcee Red Skelton got things off on the right foot by announcing at the outset of the brawl: "Anyone who can't stand four letter words, leave now." When a slightly fried dame started heckling one of the speakers who was praising Rose, Skelton slapped her down: "I thought I told you not to solicit when someone else is talking." Climax of the wingding was provided by Dan Dailey, who did a tap routine with a strip tease twist on the speaker's table while frantic waiters tried to save the china.

△ △ △

**SMARTEST COMMENT** on the obligations of wealth was unconsciously given recently by a little boy who was given 50 shares of stock for his birthday, exclaimed in delight, "Oh, goody, now I'll have to start worrying, like Dad."

△ △ △

**BLUEST NOSES** in the country have traditionally belonged to Boston's censor board, and the dear ladies lived up to their tradition last month in passing on the movie version of "The Bad Seed." They cut out of the melodrama about a little girl's homicidal impulses the word "privy."

△ △ △

**BIGGEST SCOOP** so far this year by any Hollywood gossip columnist was scored by the fellow from Variety who proclaimed without embarrassment or ex-

planation that curvaceous, wiggly, platinum-headed British star Diana Dors "ain't blonde all over."

## WORDS OF THE MONTH

*I don't base myself on bosom and buttocks but if I have to show them, thank God I have them.*

—Italian starlet Luisa Rivello

**BEST NEWS** in the fashion world comes from Vienna, where style mogul F. W. Aldmuller has proclaimed a revolt against the flat, chestless Parisian style the fashion experts have been calling the "H-line." Aldmuller's new style is aimed to give the bust its proper proportion and curvature, and is appropriately called the "R-line." Upper part of R represents Sophia Loren bust and lower part of R the rest of female anatomy.

△ △ △

**MOST PROVOCATIVE** title for a play so far this year has been announced by Noel Coward, who will call his new opus "Nude with a Violin." Should draw a lot of customers who want to find out if the violin has a G-string.

△ △ △

**MOST MODEST** store window dummies in the world will be in Buffalo, New York, if a group of women get their petition through the city council. The ladies, offended by the spectacle of dummies standing nude in windows during display changes, want a law passed that will require store owners to

shield the shameless creatures from public view while undraped.

△ △ △

**SALTIEST SUBJECT** acquired by Grace Kelly when she became Princess of Monaco was Scots-Canadian poet Robert Service, who made a fortune from his ballad "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and other Yukon poems and who is whiling

away his 80's in the sun and sea breezes at Monte Carlo. Press folk who attended the big wedding are still telling stories about him. One is his account of writing "Dan McGrew" for a church social program. Service had been in the habit of reading Kipling's poems to such gatherings, but had run out of material, so decided to write one of his own. "Only trouble was, when I got done I found I'd worked in so many cuss words it was no damned good for a church affair," said Service.

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**SHARPEST COMMENT** on so-called morality of censor boards was made by Ephriam London, lawyer for American importers of the French film version of famed author D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," when film was nixed by the New York State Board of Regents. It wasn't what was said or done in the film that got it banned, said Ephriam, but "because it deals understandingly with a sexual relationship not licensed by marriage. If the man and woman involved had been shown to be indecent or ignoble, we undoubtedly would have had difficulty in securing a license."

## MOVIES FOR MEN

**Around The World In 80 Days** (Mike Todd) is an all-out extravaganza based on Jules Verne's adventure novel that has so much of everything (50 stars, 68,894 players) that the mind boggles. Story adapted by witty S. J. Perelman deals with harrowing globe-girdling trip made on a bet.

**The Mountain** (Paramount) stars Spencer Tracy and Robert Wagner in a flimsy story that is redeemed by a terrific mountain-climbing sequence. Plot, dealing with ascent of an Alpine peak to find remains of a crashed plane, pictures Wagner as ghoulishly interested in robbing dead, Tracy in rescuing only survivor, a girl.

## BOOKS FOR MEN

**Famous Auto Races And Rallies** by Erwin Lessner (Doubleday \$5) is a long needed reference work on the classic contests of all time but is more than just a compilation of facts. It is an exciting, colorful account of one of the most thrilling sports of our age, engrossing from cover to cover.

**Compulsion** by Meyer Levin (Simon & Schuster \$5) recounts in novel form the agonizing story of one of the most publicized crimes of our times, the Loeb and Leopold murder case of the 20's. Meyer Levin has written a penetrating, realistic version of the story, one that may well take its place with "The American Tragedy" as a classic.



## MIRACLE MAN OF THE AGES

(Continued from page 39)

minute . . . the culmination of a development by the great Leonardo.

Breechloading cannon in Da Vinci's day were common. The standard form consisted of a beer stein shaped chamber with a handle sticking out. The pot was charged by the gunner with powder and ball, and dropped into a "U" frame at the breech of the gun. A wedge jammed in behind the pot held it fast when fired.

Metal working was so poor in those days, that gas-tight joints between removable chamber and barrel could not be obtained. To secure a tight breech seal, and still have the advantages of a breechloader which did not expose the gunner to enemy fire at the muzzle while reloading, Leonardo built a screw-breech cannon. In principle exactly like the worm gear systems on heavy artillery of today, Leonardo's cannon was a mere four centuries ahead of the screw-breech's universal adoption by the armies of the world.

Related to artillery were his designs for carriages, giving traversing and elevation in the same field carriage for battery gun or cannon. Using the same principle of fixing the position of the gun by an arc-shaped piece, the Civil War saw many of the ideas introduced by Da Vinci in actual practice in "patented" gun carriages for field and fort.

Lesser inventions such as multi-shot cannon balls, which on bursting projected innumerable small slugs in all directions, antedated the introduction of Colonel Henry Shrapnel's spherical case shot of the 1860's. Even more significant, potentially, was one design of Da Vinci's which almost hit the mark—the invention of rifling!

Various attempts throughout the ages were indulged in by ordnance men in striving to hold the cannon shot to its predetermined path at long ranges. Usually round shot flew erratically, often striking many yards to one side of the point of aim at field firing distances. Rifling eventually solved these matters. Elongated projectiles were a natural thought, but such shot would also burst the gun, as the increased weight of shot would raise the pressures too high for safety. Leonardo wanted a "tail" to the shot, and invented several forms of projectile resembling darts. Scalloped at the rear ends to leave only four ridges, they are identical in principle to the shotgun slug of the modern hunter.

In both his tank design and his airplane, Leonardo showed imagination. His airplane, a flapping-wing ornithopter type, was eventually tried briefly by an unsuccessful German aeronaut before World War I. Though Da Vinci's plan involved flapping wings, with complicated cables moved by the flyer's arms to fly it, the whole affair suffered from being underpowered. Man by his own muscles was never made to fly, and too many weight disadvantages worked against the development of a successful flapping wing plane. As a glider, with movable wing elements for control, Leonardo might have had something practical, but his flying wing never got off the ground.

His tank, while a good idea, was limited in scope. Intended as a "secret weapon" to

defeat massed bodies of troops or horsemen in the cut-and-slash melee of medieval warfare, the huge gun platform was capable of defense "in the round" but not of any positive offense. Although wheeled, its motive power was insufficient. There is as vast a difference between Da Vinci's tank and a modern Walker "Bulldog" with its high-velocity 90mm gun and ground speed of forty miles an hour, as there is between the modern steam turbine and the tea-kettle. In both tank and airplane, Leonardo scored a miss—they were good ideas, but even in the tactical pattern of warfare of his day and age, they must have had little use.

One design which he evidently spent great thought on, proved in actual practice to be equally useless. This was his prototype for the fortification principle, recently embodied in the Maginot Line of "invulnerable" France, pre-1940. Leonardo's passage-way and many-gunned fortress was actually a defense in the round, but it suffered from the Maginot Line's basic weakness; it could not be moved. With artillery having maximum ranges of two to three miles in the 15th century, the circular fort could have been bypassed and isolated until starvation forced the garrison into surrender.

The Renaissance was the end of the age of armored knights, with their castellated keeps and hill-top bastions glowering over a fertile valley, the fief of some powerful baron. The life of Da Vinci coincided with the world-wide use of gunpowder, cannon and small arms, which completely destroyed the foundations of chivalry and the knight on horseback. In a war of movement, such as was just coming into existence, Da Vinci's fort would have been as much a tomb as the still concrete corridors of eastern France 15 generations later.

In classical engines of war, Leonardo was more at home. Wood and copper were the materials of the Renaissance, and in the design of wooden siege engines, Da Vinci excelled.

His ballistae, or stone thrower, which was mechanically the counterpart of the cannon, showed Leonardo's unusual understanding of leverage and forces. The force arm, instead of having the stone-ball sling directly connected to it, struck the short limb of a pivoted lever. As the short limb was hit, the long limb swung around with a tip velocity proportional to its length. The stone sling at the outer tip was accelerated tremendously fast and hurled the ball at least twice as rapidly as it would have been thrown by the spring or force arm alone. Greater accuracy could also be obtained with this pivoting form of stone thrower.

Da Vinci was restricted by his era. There were no metal working tools such as we have today—no lathes, milling machines, shapers, drills. A completely equipped "factory" would have workmen with files, hammers and chisels, and little else. Iron was too precious to use for heavy machinery. Strong wood was the basic building material, or cut stone and mortar. Naturally, when Leonardo invented a six-position indexing head turret lathe, he constructed it from wood. Modern machines of grey-painted steel and driven by electric motors are identical in layout to Da Vinci's belt-driven wooden lathe!

Histories of the many little wars of the Renaissance, with the final gasp of the Holy Roman Empire and the arising of the principalities and duchys of Italy, do not record the use of any of Da Vinci's more spectacular inventions. Although he was appointed chief military engineer to Ludovico, Duke of Milan, most of his brilliant work in the fields of science and mechanics remained unemployed.

The varied nature of this blond giant of mind and vision worked against his being recognized in all fields of art and science. Supreme among artists, Da Vinci was occupied throughout his life with capturing the essence of nature, of portraying the physical world with the spiritual quality of real life. The mere attempt to conquer the kingdom of light and shade in the art of painting was to tax the skill of lesser men for generations, and Leonardo devoted much of his working hours to actual artistic endeavors, not mechanical. His Mona Lisa, the glorious though age-damaged painting of The Last Supper, his madonnas and heroic sculptures, the vigorous equestrian monument to Francesco Sforza, which is now a lost art treasure of all ages, all attest to the prodigious labors of this latter-day Hercules. In a sense, they spread his talents thin. What heights might he have achieved in one field, had he worked solely in that of his choice?

Leonardo at his death in 1519 left behind a vast library of manuscript materials ranging from detailed critiques of artistic methods to sketches and cartoons for his works of art. These were eagerly seized upon by later students and historians, and much was made of Leonardo Da Vinci, the artist. Perhaps this was best. In art, he was strictly contemporary, a perfecter of lesser men's ideas, moulded by his genius into immortal forms. His sculpture and painting surpassed both predecessors and contemporaries—history tells of no man gifted in the same degree as Leonardo was in both art and science.

It was in science that he worked alone, for his great vision outstripped the imaginations of his contemporaries. He was a pioneer, working wholly for the future. Perhaps this in the long run was best, for had men of a later day taken Leonardo's designs seriously, and published his discoveries in science and mechanics as widely as his writings in art, mankind might have destroyed itself long before this present day. Perhaps Leonardo foresaw this, and "soft pedaled" his deadly schemes.

Indeed, Leonardo foresaw things. Within his prophecies may be read many futures, but one in particular stands out: "There shall come forth from *beneath the ground* that which by its terrific report shall stun all who are near it and cause men to drop dead at its breath, and it shall devastate cities and castles. . . . Men shall throw away out of their houses those victuals which were meant for the sustenance of their lives.

"Many there will be who wax great in destruction, the ball of snow rolling over the snow. There will be a great host, who, forgetful of their existence and their name, will lie as dead upon the spoils of other dead:—Sleeping upon the feathers of birds. Oh! how many great buildings will be ruined by reason of fire:—By the fire of the guns."

With Renaissance tools crudely fashioned



of brass, iron, and bass-wood, Leonardo had no way of discovering or working with uranium. Yet "from beneath the ground" is certainly a mineral product, mined to be used. "... cause men to drop dead at its breath . . ."—what is this, but the heat wave which emanates from a nuclear explosion? "Men shall throw away victuals . . ." or is this, perhaps, meant to describe destruction of radioactive, contaminated food stores? "There will be a great host . . . sleeping upon the feathers of birds." Could this be prophesy of airborne troops, whose landing with parachutes was not successful?

Or is the reference, "feathers," to the torn wings of aircraft shot down, crumpled? Has this war, this frightful holocaust of "buildings ruined," already occurred? Or did Leonardo foresee something beyond the ken of men less gifted, to say that there was yet a war where materials should come from "beneath the ground," and cities and castles shall be devastated. And the "fire of the guns," is this perhaps tactical atomic artillery? The 15th century was the age of miracles . . . did Leonardo work one real miracle, and foresee a future of war which he helped to build? # # #

## LIBERATOR OF LITERARY LIBIDO

(Continued from page 25)

cism of much that was fake, overstuffed and outmoded in the social and political life of the times.

In fact, it was this criticism, not his jokes, that got Rabelais into trouble.

The sexual and political platforms of Rabelais' time were vastly different from those that exist today. A modern writer can attack corruption in high places with impunity, but can expect to be banned if he describes sexual affairs in minute detail. But in the early 16th century a writer could explore the four-lettered facts of life without fearing the censor. Woe betide him, however, if he dared attack in print the government.

In the introduction to "Gargantua and Pantagruel," Rabelais carefully requests his readers not to take the book seriously. "Most noble boozers," he begins, "and you my esteemed and poxy friends—" But after the first few paragraphs he drops a discreet hint that just as a dog gnaws a bone to get at the marrow, the reader should do the same with "Gargantua." Students who have done so have emerged with the conviction that Rabelais was not only the first great writer in French, but one of the world's all-time greats in intellect and talent.

Francois Rabelais was a stocky, roistering man who was successful in not one, but three professions: theologian, doctor and writer. Always a rebel, he carried on running feuds with censors and prudes throughout his career as a writer, and as a priest twice had to obtain pardons from the Pope for his irregular manner of living. There was not a year in his life when he was not in hot water of some kind or other, but always his charm and ability won him friends in high places who bailed him out.

Probably none of the stories that are told about him are true, since little detail is known about his life, but one that has been handed down through the centuries probably conveys the spirit, if not the facts about his personality.

This tale finds Rabelais stranded far from Paris and home without funds. So he carefully makes up three packets, labels them "poison for the King," "poison for the Queen," "poison for the Prime Minister," and leaves them in his hotel room for a nosy maid to find. In short order police arrive, and, arresting the supposed assassin, hie him off post-haste to Paris, where he is brought before the King. Rabelais, who often enjoyed royal favor, reveals the trick, and has a good laugh with His Majesty over it.

Committed by his parents to a religious life at an early age—perhaps eight or nine—

he shook the dust of the monasteries from his feet by the time he was 30, and in just a few years became a renowned doctor of medicine, a profession at which he made his living most of his life.

His books were apparently begun for self-amusement and only were published because friends thought they were too rich to be kept in private circulation.

He gleefully took apart and then put together again in ridiculous form the characters and faults of lawyers, government officials and bureaucrats who impressed him as deserving of such treatment.

"Gargantua and Pantagruel" is a rambling history of a breed of giants who were supposed to have inhabited the earth. The Rabelaisian giants, Gargantua and Pantagruel, were ideal people to roam among common mortals and expose all the vice and corruption that the author wished to attack. First Gargantua, then his mighty son Pantagruel, stride through episode after episode of rumbustious escapade, frivolous fornication and exhibitionist excretion, but all the bawdy wit is a sly cover-up for disclosures about tyranny and hypocrisy in high places.

Purely as a story-teller Rabelais was as clumsy as any of his contemporary writers, who were noted more for coarseness than fine style. He stole most of his characters from other men's books. Most of the red-eyed puppets in "Gargantua" have no consistent personality throughout the tale. Early in the book, for example, Panurge is mightily brave in battle—later he faints with fear when his neighbor unexpectedly breaks wind.

But however crude or ridiculous the incident, there is usually a sharp needling of some abuse of the day. When Judge Bridlegoose solemnly propounds his practice of determining guilt by a throw of the dice, Rabelais is really suggesting that this system might prove more just than those employed by the palm-oiled courts of his day.

James Joyce, who wrote "Ulysses" which was banned and became the subject of a great law case before being recognized as an important literary achievement, said he owed much to the loose-living 16th century monk. Joyce's work contained many satirical attacks on pumped-up dignitaries which bear a marked resemblance to those of Rabelais. Joyce, like other sincere modern writers, faced up to the reality of four-lettered sex descriptions, but got banned without employing a hundredth of Rabelais' four-letter inventions.

Rabelais had no fine feelings in his approach to the female sex. He considers

women to be the lawful prey of men, peculiar creatures who are useful on their backs or bent over a stove, and not worthy of any other attentions than those of plain lust. Man is the dominant animal in the world, woman merely a plaything who becomes peculiarly perverse at times and imparts VD or other troubles to her master.

Of course, this attitude was not peculiar to Rabelais, who shared it with nearly every man who lived between 1500 and 1550. In a world composed of small warring kingdoms most men were or had been soldiers, and continual lust after the spoils of war made them seek equally hard after pleasure. Drinking and womanizing were the chief sports of the day. The girls were considered to be man's natural loot, and there is a good deal of evidence to show that the girls were reasonably satisfied with the situation.

Most men in Rabelais' age knew they'd be lucky if their wives remained faithful to them after a few months of marriage. Lacking TV and other amusements, sexual temptation was great, but where temptation is great, tolerance usually has to follow suit. In self-defense, as it were, husbands took it out on other men's wives! Rabelais pokes a great deal of fun at the art of being cuckolded (deceived by a wife), but uses this as a device to cloak bitter attacks on grasping lawyers, phony philosophers, ranting quacks and bigoted know-alls.

Although Rabelais cloaked his attacks with humor, and sprinkled every page with liberal doses of sex and wit, the French authorities were not deceived by his double-talk. They hated him, recognizing his writing as a dangerous undermining of their own powers. Rabelais knew what his fate would be if he ever fell into the hands of his enemies—a fate as unpleasant as he meted out to some of his own literary characters.

"Gargantua" was already being chuckled over in secret by many who detested the phony administration of the day. Thousands who would not normally have bought a political tract read the book because of its bawdy sex content, and so received a political education without meaning to. Pantagruel's novel combination of sexual roistering and serious politics was exactly suited to the taste of the early 16th century French, laboring under an unfair and all-powerful administration. Rabelais became one of Europe's best-selling authors.

The book was pompously labeled obscene by the Paris Sorbonne, although the real reason was not Rabelais' priggish filth, but the political attack on the Sorbonne itself. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the bawdy reformer but he escaped arrest by travelling to Rome with his protector, Jean du Bellay, bishop of Paris, who had just been promoted to Cardinal.

Rabelais only waited a month or so for the heat to wear off, before publishing a revised edition of "Gargantua," in which he hit back hard at his enemies in the Sorbonne. This time the authorities got really mad. Dripping with the verbal dung tossed over them by the derisive Rabelais, they sent out an order that he was to be apprehended wherever he could be found and delivered intact to Paris.

There was only one answer to this—Rabelais went underground. And there he stayed for several years, working quietly in a succession of provincial monasteries.



No writer since Rabelais has been, at one and the same time, as smutty a writer and as great a social reformer. He was a stocky, roistering Frenchman who suffered no inner contradictions about his triple roles as au-

Because he was so effective in fighting against tyranny, Rabelais was blacklisted for years after his death. But in 1900 an imaginative Frenchman, Robertet, refined the coarse language of Rabelais' books into an adaptation for children and the story of Pantagruel soon became a schoolroom classic with much the same appeal as "Gulliver's Travels." It was 30 years later in 1930 that the U.S. Customs Department lifted a long-standing ban on editions of Rabelais except those with what was termed "obscene" illustrations. And when the 400th anniversary of the death of Rabelais was marked in 1953, he was hailed around the world as a true literary genius. # # #

He was about to strike root there, when she started to cry out, though none too loud.





The mask of courtesy fell from Panurge's face.

"So you won't let me have a little harmless fun, eh? Not even a morsel for me, eh? A bucket of turds to you! you don't deserve the honor or pleasure of it."

With which he beat a hasty retreat in dread of blows. (He was by nature fearful of them.)

Next day was a feast on which the ladies of Paris put on their stateliest apparel. Panurge's charmer was decked out in a rich gown of crimson velvet, with a skirt of costly white velure.

The day before, Panurge scoured the town for a bitch in heat. Having found one, he tied his belt around her neck and took her home. All that day and through the night, he fed her abundantly; in the morning he killed her, plucked out that part the Greek geomancians know, cut it as fine as he could, tucked it away in one of his innumerable pockets and went to seek his lady, who he knew would soon arrive to take part in the procession always held on that day.

When she arrived, Panurge bowed courteously and sat down on the bench beside her. As she looked up, he passed her a paper on which he had written the following rondeau:

*Sweet lady, once, only I expressed  
My admiration; you denied my quest,  
You drove me irremediably away  
Although I never harmed you  
(welladay!)*  
*In act or word or libel or the rest . . .  
Granted my wooing stirred no answering  
zest,  
You could have been more honest, and  
confessed:  
"I do not wish it, friend. Leave me,  
I pray!"*  
*Sweet lady, once,  
Once more and never again I shall  
protest  
Ere love's flame utterly consume my  
breast,  
One boon alone I still languish for.*

While she was unfolding the paper to see what was inside, Panurge deftly sprinkled his drug all over her, spilling it impartially in the folds of her sleeves and skirt.

"Madame," he said before taking his leave, "a lover's life is not always a bed of roses. In my case I can only hope the anguished nights, the sorrows and tribulation I undergo for love of you will be deducted from my trials in purgatory."

Panurge had scarcely spoken when dogs attracted by the odor of the drug, scurried over the lady. Big and little, large and small, one and all came up, sniffed, raised their legs, cocked their members and let fly on her dress. It was the most horrible sight imaginable.

Panurge pretended to chase them off, then bowed and retired to watch the sport. Those wretched curs were squirting all over her clothes. One huge greyhound placed a paw on her shoulder to aim at her head . . . other dogs pumped in her sleeves . . . still others drenched her backside, while the puppies piddled in her shoes . . . The women close to her sought to keep the beasts off, but with scant success. Mean-

while, holding his sides, Panurge, between guffaws of laughter, told certain lords who were next to him:

"I think the lady's in heat. Or some wolfhound covered her recently."

Seeing the dogs crowded as thick about her, he ran off to fetch Pantagruel. On the way, he stopped to kick every dog he met, crying:

"To your genuflections! Follow the odor of sanctity! Be off and join your fellows at the urinarian baptism! Forward by all the devils, be off, devil take you!"

"Master," he said breathlessly to Pantagruel, "please come and see all the dogs of the country gathered about the loveliest lady in town!"

Pantagruel, delighted at the novelty of it, enjoyed the fun immensely. By the time the procession began, matters had reached a crisis. There were more than six hundred thousand and fourteen dogs thronging about her and finding one thousand and one means of harassing her. Whichever way she turned,

the newcomers followed the scent, dogged her heels and flooded whatever spot her dress touched. The only course left her was to go home. As she fled through the streets, everyone stopped to watch the dogs leaping high as her neck, turning her elegant toilette into a very toilet, as she ran on, helpless and steaming. It was impossible to give them the slip, the trail was too pungent. So they followed her to her residence.

While she hid in her room and her chambermaids burst into laughter behind politely raised aprons, all the dogs within a radius of a half-league came rushing up and showered so hard against the gate as to form a stream in which ducks might very well have swum. Today this same current, now called the creek of Bievre, flows through the grounds of the Abbey of St. Victor and past the Gobelin dye-works. Materials steeped in its waters turn a rare scarlet thanks to some special virtue of these dogs. # # #

## HOW BARBED WIRE TAMED THE WILD WEST

(Continued from page 7)

slid to a stop, eyed the fence, bellowed savagely. One of them took a run at it. The barbs pricked him, and he stopped his forward motion. Another lowered his head, swung at the frail-looking wire with his long horns, bellowing defiance. He backed up after the encounter, blood streaming down his long face. Then a dozen of them rushed the fence, trying to accomplish with brute force what individual members could not do individually. The front rank squealed and backed away. Within ten minutes the steers were docile as an Iowa herd of steers. They huddled, hung their heads in dejection, virtually admitted defeat.

The young salesman whooped in joy. The cattlemen, cheerful losers, smilingly paid their bets, admitted defeat, raised the drinks that had been bought by the salesman. The salesman became a very busy man. Before the sun went down, he had sold hundreds of miles of barbed wire. He didn't have to walk the weary miles back to De Kalb. He had made history.

His name was John W. Gates.

Later, he grew to fame in more ways than one. He was, among other things, known as the world's greatest salesman. Steel companies courted him and he racked up a terrific record in the sale of steel rails. His earnings were tops in his field and he still gambled, but usually on sure things. He would confront a belligerent individual of means, say quietly: "You are wrong! Betcha a million you are!" He was prepared to back his personal opinion with the money, too. He won bets of this nature with much more casual calmness than the San Antonio wager of \$100.

"Bet-a-Million" Gates gained a reputation that was world-wide.

The next time you order a sirloin or a slab of roast beef, rare and tender, say a small prayer for the happy repose of the soul of John W. Gates, who made possible the finest breed cattle. Sale of barbed wire to the Texas ranchers opened up new avenues to them. The right of property and its definition by the frail strands of barbed wire became a reality.

Over the years barbed wire has become an enigma. There are enduring laws upon the statute books of half a dozen western states that protect against both the use and abuse of the fencing. In Texas, possession of a pair of wire-cutters is a crime. A law passed by the legislature of the Lone Star State makes it illegal for any person to carry or have about his or her person a pair of wire-cutters while walking, riding horseback or in a vehicle of any kind.

At the same time, a number of states have laws which hold fence builders, users or owners responsible for any injury to persons or animals as a result of the erection or maintenance of barbed wire fences.

The official introduction of the barbed wire era occurred when the United States Patent Office issued Patent No. 157124 to Joseph F. Glidden of De Kalb, Illinois, on November 24, 1874, for "an improvement in wire fences." The brief statement made by the Patent Office designated the new fencing as barbed wire and pointed out its economy.

Born in New Hampshire, Glidden grew up to be a farmer and country school teacher in Illinois, where at a county fair in 1873 he saw an exhibit of "cattle proof fence" of wire. It led to his idea that barbs could be placed on wire with effective results.

Glidden's early production of barbed wire was accomplished in De Kalb in the crudest type of factory, with equipment built by a local blacksmith. The demand for the new product was so instantaneous that specimens of the wire were submitted to an expert machine designer, who soon perfected an automatic machine for manufacturing it. John W. (Bet A Million) Gates became one of his first salesmen.

It is hard to picture the state of Texas being over-run by anything, even Texans. But in the 1880's, that was the picture. Barbed wire salesmen were everywhere, traveling the plains with horse and buggy, showing samples or attending meetings of cattle growers. One not too original but enterprising distributor borrowed a page from John Gates and got permission to erect a circular corral of barbed wire within the



water spray, then streams of wine, and finally envelops her in a cloud of bubbles as she strips, is a complicated assembly of pipes and valves that is easy to get out of order.

"There aren't many stagehands who know how to install an elbow joint," says the 24-year-old blonde bath beauty. "So I have to know how to keep things in order myself." As a result, Tirza is the only burlesque stripper ever to become a card-carrying member of the plumber's union.

Daughter of a Schenectady, New York, master plumber, Tirza comes by her skill with pipes and joints naturally. "I often used to watch my father at work with his wrenches and solder," she says. "But that was when I was a little girl. I never thought the knowledge would come in handy today. But it has, and I will always be grateful to my father for showing me the uses of a gasket."

Originally noted for her dancing skill in high school stage productions, Tirza left home after graduation and headed for New York and the bright lights. She shortly tired of the grind of making the rounds of agents' offices, the all-too-rare chorus jobs, and finally forsook her dreams of stage fame and fortune, becoming instead a successful "character" dancer in clubs and casinos.

It was when her agent suggested that she could make a lot more money stripping that Tirza faced a crisis.

"I couldn't see just getting up there and taking off my clothes," she says. "It just didn't set right with me. I know there are a lot of girls it doesn't bother, and I don't think it's wrong, but I just freeze up."

Turning her mind to ways of creating the same effect without freezing, Tirza hit on the bath idea.

"It came while I was in my apartment taking a shower one night," she says. "I had been thinking of wine baths and bubble baths, when all of a sudden I looked at the shower pipe and thought, my what an effect if I could combine them all."

After suggesting the idea to her agent, Tirza enlisted her father's aid in designing the complicated, bulky device that would do the job.

They came up with a two-foot high stainless steel platform about 10 feet square, which contains all the pipes and tanks, and catches the liquids as they run down her shapely body during the act. The platform is backed by three mirror panels that give the audience a well-rounded view of her well-rounded physique as she performs. In the front of the platform are the water and wine nozzles, while the bubble pipes are concealed around the sides and along the front also.

Standing up from the platform and flanking the dancer as she performs are two lucite cylinders that are filled with streams of liquid that sprays up and changes color under concealed lights as the act progresses. On top of each of the columns, is a huge goblet filled with wine, which Tirza quaffs during the wine bath part of her act.

Hidden motors open the valves and operate the pumps that force the liquids through the nozzles, and a special compressed air unit provides wind for the bubbles. All are con-



"Hi! I'd like you to meet my better half."

enclosure formed by the four walls of the Alamo. Then he took full-page ads in the San Antonio newspapers inviting cattlemen to a demonstration.

The barbed wire business grew up even faster than the automobile industry. Within a few years, it became "big business" and was making millionaires. The profits were so fabulous that they were sniffed by the industrial giants of the '80s who sought to gain complete control. The upshot of their efforts was a squabble over the patent rights that was eventually carried to the U. S. Supreme Court. The American Wire & Steel Company of Worcester, Massachusetts, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corp., emerged as the apparent winner.

Barbed wire killed at least one town. It occurred during the most gigantic barbed wire fencing job of all time, when the famous XIT Ranch in the Texas Panhandle was divided into 94 different pastures. The ranch consisted of 3,140,000 acres all under one ownership. It took three years and \$181,500 to do the fencing and when it was completed, the pioneer town of Tascosa was completely isolated from the rest of the world. It was soon abandoned and left to the ravages of time.

The famed King Ranch in Southern Texas has never to this day used barbed wire. King goes in for blooded animals and show stock and they are not long on the idea of having some of their handsome creatures tangle with ripping barbed wire.

Barbed wire has become so much a part of American history that today there are a dozen or so collectors. It may not be as popular as pin-up pictures, but the people who collect barbed wire find it just as interesting.

One of the better known of the really serious-minded collectors is W. B. Cox of Portales, New Mexico. He has 114 different kinds of barbed wire in his collection including samples from Germany, Belgium and Haiti.

He has one piece of wire that is known as "government wire" that was used during World War I for barbed-wire entanglements and to enclose detention camps. Cox has

plenty of opportunity to travel and pursue his hobby. He is a salesman in the range country for the Moorman Manufacturing Co., of Quincy, Illinois, makers of livestock minerals, proteins and concentrates. He has his collection mounted on panel boards, hinged together so they fold up like a parlor screen and can be carted about easily.

A drug store may be a rather curious place to find barbed wire, but there is plenty to be found in Herman Moncus' drug store at Tucumcari, New Mexico. Moncus has devoted a better part of a lifetime to collecting barbed wire and a very representative collection of curios of the early West. The whole works is on display in his store and people who have gone to the trouble of checking it, say that he has probably over 15,000 items on display.

Moncus says he has 160 items of patented barbed wire. He started collecting in a rather surreptitious way by clipping short lengths of odd and interesting wire from old fence corners where the wire was no longer of use. He has samples from the famous old Chisum "Jinglebob" Ranch, as well as the 6666 Ranch, the Diamond A and the Spades.

Probably the most unusual barb ever offered is a rare item for even the collectors. It is called the spur rowel barb and is about the size of a penny with the outside edge saw-toothed. It is strung on the wire through a hole in the center. It is said that this type barb would scratch painfully, but would not cut the skin.

Better steaks, fatter cattle, better forage and an era of peace and prosperity was brought to the cattle country by barbed wire.

But not only in the cattle country did barbed wire make an indelible scrawl on the pages of history. In world wars, it became a munition for all who were armed and scrapping for supremacy. It was used in many diverse ways in the battlefields of the world.

But its greatest utility was in giving us the world's finest beef. All credit goes to John W. Gates, the youngster who wasn't afraid to bet his last cent that it would accomplish wonders.

# # #



trolled by a complex master timing device that turns each part of the mechanism on and off in the proper order.

The whole assembly weighs close to a ton, and is valued by Tirza at just a little more than \$5,000.

"Nobody really knows what it would cost," she says, "because we built so much of it ourselves and had to design special parts to get the right effect."

In action, Tirza and her machine present a symphony of liquid motion in a liquid atmosphere. The curvaceous charmer emerges onto the stage wrapped in a huge Turkish towel, and wearing the most flimsy of bikini suits possible. Discarding the towel and mounting the platform, she primps before the mirrors while the music provides a harmonic background and the colored lights in the unit begin weaving a color symphony. As the tempo increases, mist begins to appear around the dancer, and soon she is enveloped in a fine, fog-like spray that condenses on her body in glistening streams, bringing out every curve, and magnifying every movement in liquid highlights.

Soon the music and lighting moods change, and the audience becomes aware that the spray has changed. It becomes dancing fountains of blood-red wine—though sometimes Tirza varies the act with a few gallons of champagne. She exposes every part of her remarkable anatomy to the invigorating wash, and to prove the wine is real, she fills a cup and quaffs it off.

"I only use *vin ordinaire*, which isn't very alcoholic," confides Tirza. "After all, I've got to do this seven times a night, and if I used anything else I'd never make the last show." Champagne, she says, celebrates special occasions like her birthday, or the anniversary of her start three years ago with the bath act.

During all this time, Tirza is also gradually shedding what little there is to shed, behind her curtain of shining droplets, and as the music reaches a crescendo, and the wine changes to a cloud of many-colored soap bubbles, she peeks out at the crowd with all of her charming assets only slightly obscured by the dancing spheres.

"It's quite an exhausting routine," says Tirza, "when you go through it as many times as I do."

In spite of the liquids constantly flooding her milk-white skin during her act, Tirza always follows each performance with a quick hot shower, and a baby oil rubdown to keep her skin in condition.

"All of that washing doesn't do your skin any good unless you protect it," she says.

A typical day for the cutie with the complicated plumbing starts with an early arrival at the theater or club where she is playing, to check the machinery and fill the tanks of water—specially softened to prevent clogging in the pipes—wine, and bubble liquid.

The operation takes about an hour, with a test run at the end, and it was during just such a maintenance session in Cleveland that the pretty plumber was made aware of the need to formalize her status.

"A committee of three fellows from the plumbers union called backstage," she recalls. "They said some members had been in and seen the act, and they wanted to know whether the man who kept the plumbing in order had a union card.

"When I told them I was the 'man,' they

almost dropped their teeth. But they quickly recovered and asked to see my card. When I told them I didn't have one, they said I'd have to get one or they would picket the theater."

Faced thus with a labor crisis, and foreseeing similar troubles in every city throughout the country, Tirza called on her dad for help again. Through friends, he was able to arrange first for a traveling apprentice card, then in due course for a journeyman's card for the shapely lass.

Asked whether she didn't think all this was a lot of trouble just to present a dance, Tirza says: "No, I don't think so. After all, there are a lot of other girls who have just as much equipment and have to work just as hard as I do keeping it in order. It's just part of the business."

Among those she cites as examples are Gene and Her Genie, a torrid act in which the shapely Gene first calls up, then dances with a huge mechanical dummy that emerges from a king-size Aladdin's lamp in a

cloud of flame; Zorita, whose Wedding of the Snake act calls for plenty of python-handling skill, and ability to care for the snakes when not on stage; Beauty and the Beast, where an expensive ape skin must be properly cared for and repaired when worn; and Dorene, the sea queen whose under water act requires knowledge of swimming, diving, and hydraulic engineering to maintain her huge glass tank.

"I'm happy doing what I am," Tirza says. "I just thank my lucky stars that I have the know-how to do it."

One thing, however, would improve Tirza's lot, she thinks. That is in connection with romance.

"I like men," she says. "And I enjoy performing for them. They appreciate my act, and I have met many friends through this business. Some day, I'll marry, I imagine, but it won't be to any of them."

"When I get married, I'm going to marry a plumber. Then he can worry about the pipes." # # #



"I just happened to remember, dear, I hired a new secretary today."



## NURSEMAID TO MONSTERS

(Continued from page 18)

line or cable is suspended from buoys with anchors at each end.

The shark line is usually set out and baited the night before. Then fairly early the following morning Capt. Gray and his crew work the line from one end to the other. Gray's collecting ship is the diesel-driven Sea Horse, a 40-foot converted landing craft. Usually accompanying the Sea Horse on her monster-procuring expeditions is a 36-foot "well barge" named the Sea Cow to hold the live specimens. On some trips the barge is towed for hundreds of miles when the captain is scouring the sea-lanes of the Caribbean or perhaps exploring the unpredictable and labyrinthine recesses of the Outer Reef, which snakes along the coast of Florida for hundreds of miles.

Taking the shark is a ticklish business. In commercial shark fishing, once the brute is hooked, the fisherman's aim is to kill him as speedily and as efficiently as possible. In Captain Gray's business, he is to be brought in, alive, in as prime condition as possible. As the captain says, hooking a shark is one thing, and unhooking him while he is still alive is quite another. It must be done with extreme caution not to further injure the specimen.

The most touchy phase of taking a shark is to get him into the well of the Sea Cow. Two or three members of the crew maneuver the shark, still on the hook, alongside the barge and usher the brute into the well by means of a small gate which opens directly from the well into the ocean. The crew of the Sea Horse has become adept at getting monsters into the barge well with a minimum of effort. Usually the shark is pretty weary with hours of constant and futile threshing about on the shark-line before the collecting ship puts in its appearance.

Once a shark is in the well, he seems dazed and listless, and in such a condition normally offers minimum resistance. It is at this time in the cycle of events of taking a shark alive, that a necessary but intrinsically unsavory chore has to be done—unhooking the shark. From years of experience, Gray has found that by using a pair of specially constructed giant pliers, and getting hold of the shark-hook in a particular way, a quick, deftly executed wrist movement will bring the hook free with the shark hardly noticing the operation, due to his dazed and worn-out physical condition.

Unhooking a shark is done only by Captain Gray and two highly trained members of his crew. Even when the shark is presumably dazed and dormant, it takes nerves of steel and careful timing.

Captain Gray knows the habits of each species of shark as well as an anthropologist knows the differences in various races of man. Hardest to capture is the hammerhead—reputedly one of the most lethal members of the shark family—and in a lifetime of collecting, Gray has taken only 15 hammerheads. A hammerhead attains a length of fifteen feet and a weight of about 1500 pounds. This ugly customer is a top swimmer, and normally stays near the surface of the sea, and his high dorsal fin is easily seen from a great distance. Its head is a true hammer shape, and its eye differs from those of all other sharks, and is large,

like a cow's. Its peculiar head permits the fish to maneuver and turn with great speed and agility. The flesh of the hammerhead is of fine grain and is a favorite food of the Japanese. Gray says that a hammerhead is best caught with a net, but this monster rarely remains alive in captivity.

When the Sea Horse and Sea Cow reach Miami, captured sharks are transferred from the barge-well to the aquarium in a coffin-like wooden box filled with fresh sea water. The box is hoisted by crane to the aquarium tank.

Another improbable chore now looms. Due to their physical state, many sharks have to be "walked" in the aquarium tank. A diver enters chest-high water, and grasping the shark by the dorsal fin, "walks" him until he begins to recover. This operation simulates swimming, forcing the water through the shark's gills, and, in a manner of speaking, is a type of "artificial respiration."

Restoring the shark's confidence and will to live may take several days, and for this purpose there are special circular tanks. If the shark recovers, it can go into an exhibition tank, and from there on, the shark is on its own. In the course of a year, Captain Gray will take a goodly number of different species of shark. Experience has shown that normally a shark will not live long in captivity. Sometimes they refuse food of whatever sort, and literally starve to death by a self-enforced hunger strike.

Among other varieties of the world's strangest monsters which Captain Gray bags constantly are rays—all kinds, from mantas to electric torpedoes, and from guitarfish to sting rays.

Even a three-foot electric ray can give a man a terrific shock. These disc-shaped creatures, which resemble a strange marine adaptation of the flying saucer, are found in Caribbean waters in great numbers. A harpooned manta has been known to tow a small boat for a mile or more.

When I visited Captain Gray, he showed me a giant manta which he had taken fresh from the Gulf Stream. Mantas from the Spanish word meaning "blanket") are the largest of the ray family. The specimen that I saw was one of the largest ever taken, with a wing spread of perhaps 15 feet and weighing hundreds of pounds. This manta was an evil-looking creature, and swimming dolefully in the circular tank looking vainly for an exit to the open sea whence it had come.

Some of the most popular denizens of the deep, albeit tremendous creatures weighing hundreds of pounds, are porpoises. This creature is not a fish, but a warm-blooded, air-breathing mammal, and prime favorites with the public in aquariums, where they do many aquatic tricks.

The gray bottlenose dolphin (usually referred to as porpoises) is taken with nets. They are frequently stalked for days before they can be cornered in a place like a small creek with no outlet. They can then be forced into the nets.

The spotted dolphin which lives in the sea





in the offshore area takes different tactics. When a herd is sighted, the boat takes out after them. While the unwary porpoise swims ahead of the boat, one of the collecting crew crawls out onto a "pulpit" with a device for ingeniously throwing a rope-loop around his tail. By this method the porpoise is not harmed and can be transferred into the well live.

When Captain Gray goes after a four-foot leopard ray, he uses a small sea skiff for taking these mean customers. The poison barbs must be removed from the ray's tail immediately on capture to enable his crew to transport it successfully. He may have an assignment one week for loggerhead turtles, which sometimes reach 400 to 600 pounds in weight. He takes these creatures in nets. Turtle nets for loggerheads are specially built, with a 20-inch mesh and 90 thread twine (about the size of a clothes line).

Some of his trips call for taking gaily colored tropical fish which inhabit the reefs. He has a whole warehouse full of special traps for this or that kind of fish, each calculated to trap the fish with the least possible damage.

Born near Media, Pennsylvania, in 1891, Captain William Bittle Gray became a confirmed fisherman at the age of 12 when his family moved to Ocean Grove, N. J. While still in his teens, he fished for tuna. With a brother, Herman, he came to Jupiter Inlet, Florida, in 1909 and started to fish commercially. Later he shifted his scene of operation to Southern Florida, when sailfish became a favorite with salt water anglers. From 1931 to 1935 he was a partner in a fishing pier-aquarium in the Palm Beach area. This whetted his interest in collecting live specimens of marine life.

At this time he was named director of tuna-fishing activities at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, now the scene of a world-famous annual tournament for the great blue fins. Shortly afterward he was in charge of gathering marine specimens for the George Vanderbilt South Pacific Expedition for the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.

By this time he had a knowledge of fishes that exceeded that of most experienced ichthyologists. After World War II, he was in charge of the tremendous task of restocking the huge aquariums at Marineland, near St. Augustine, Florida, closed during the war years. In 1948, he moved again to Miami, to collect independently and ship live marine specimens all over to various aquariums—collecting fish, large and small, and taking them alive.

Captain Gray is now director of collection and exhibits at the Miami Seaquarium, a \$2,500,000 establishment that he assisted to plan and design. Late in 1955, the Seaquarium opened with one of the largest salt-water fish and marine life displays on earth. Gray has stocked it with over 200 species of fish. In one giant tank 80 feet in diameter and 16 feet deep, sharks and giant rays as well as the "kittens of the sea," the porpoises, mingle as freely as they do in the depths of the ocean.

In the 50-foot tank, coral reefs shelter the highly colored tropical specimens and hundreds of game fishes found in South Atlantic waters. Smaller tanks enable the visitor to study and observe the innermost secrets of the rainbow-hued finny peculiar marine ani-

mals and fishes of this strange underwater world.

A 750-foot circular viewing channel contains such weird monsters as the "devil fish" or manta ray, predatory sharks and barracuda as well as many other species of marine life that have never been exhibited before for any length of time. Bonefish, loggerhead turtles, 400-pound jewfish, tarpon and a 14-foot tiger shark (the largest in captivity) swim before the rows of glass panes, "show windows of the deep."

A few years ago, Captain Gray helped to

make four Grantland Rice pictures about gamefish in a series called "Spotlights." Recently he served as one of the chief advisers in a sound-color film, "The Sea Chasers." The film story told the exciting tale of the capture of huge sharks, and scores of other sea creatures.

As an expert on fish, Captain Gray travels extensively in the interests of gamefishing and marine life generally. Each year he goes to Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, to act as one of the judges in the famous tuna tournament there. # # #

## IN DEFENSE OF BAWDY BALLADS

(Continued from page 9)

"other version"—the one that contained such deathless verses as:

*My wife she died in the bathtub  
She died of a terrible fit  
And to fulfill her very last wishes  
She was buried in three feet of . . .*

*Shweet violets, shweetier than all the roses  
Covered all over from head to foot  
Covered all over with snow.*

When the Hit Parade came up with "Never Been Kissed," there were many who objected to the sissification of the original. "The Thing" rang up profits on jukeboxes all over the world, but students of great literature remembered it when it was still "The Chandler's Wife." They wistfully recalled that the "Knock, Knock, Knock" tag was once "Bang, Bang, Bang," and that the moral of the old song still held true:

*All you married men, take heed  
If ever you go to town  
If you must leave your woman alone  
'Tis wise to tie her down  
But if you would be wiser still  
Just set her down on the floor  
And give her so much of the bang bang bang  
She doesn't want any more."*

And so we know that such popular songs as "Anymore" come from such bawdy ballads as "The Little Ball of Yarn," that "I Want to Be Near You" was once "Aupres De Ma Blonde," and that many another popular favorite comes from some older bawdy folk song. But the question to be answered is, "Where do the bawdy songs come from?" And the related question follows, "Who sings them?"

Some critics, whose minds are narrow enough to slip under locked doors, believe that Satan himself originated the bawdy songs. But, of course, these same individuals would ascribe to Lucifer the collected works of James Joyce, Henry Miller, Edmund Wilson, Geoffrey Chaucer, Honore Balzac, Rabelais and a host of other famed poets and authors. The fact is that Old Scratch simply doesn't deserve credit for penning such pristine and beautifully shaped lines as:

*With artful eye and cunning look  
He led her to a shady nook  
She oped her eyes and out she took  
The pride of all Jerusalem.*

*Heigh-ho, Kafoozalum  
Harlot of Jerusalem  
Prostitute of ill repute  
Daughter of the Baba.*

One answer to the question comes from the logical assumption that such well-phrased creations must be the work of talented hands. Thus, in my researches, cultural touts have siddled up to confide that Rudyard Kipling was the true author of "The Bastard King of England," and as a consequence was never knighted, in spite of the fact that many feel he should have been knighted for that achievement alone, if indeed he did compose the ditty.

It is a matter of record that Mark Twain had written "The Farting Contest," although it never enjoyed the popularity of "Huckleberry Finn." The story of "Bella" who suffered a fate worse than death and death, too, was to be found in George Orwell's "Down and Out." Even Ogden Nash has been credited with some ribald songs, including "The Three Prominent Bastards":

*Our parents forgot to get married  
Our parents forgot to get wed  
Did a wedding bell chime, it was always  
the time  
Our parents were somewhere in bed.*

*Thanks to our kind, loving parents  
We are kings in the land of the free  
The banker, the broker, the Washington  
joker,  
Three prominent bastards are we.*

If this apocrypha should be true, it gives us the beginning of a clue pointing to the authorship of some of our bawdier songs. But whence cometh the other thousands of verses and titles that comfort us in our daily life and scandalize the Comstocks?

In 1954, a legal question forced me to trace one of these songs to its source. In those days, the top pop-song was "A Guy Is A Guy" recorded by Doris Day on Columbia Records. The label gave the composer's name as "Oscar Brand," but, believe me, it was a lie. I had simply dry-cleaned an infantry song I learned as "A Gob Is A Slob." When ten litigants claimed that they had each independently written "A Guy Is A Guy," I was forced to prove it was in the public domain. You may remember some of the key lines:

*I got into bed like a good girl should  
He followed me into bed like I knew he  
would  
Because a gob is a slob wherever he may  
be  
Listen while I tell you what this sailor  
done to me.*

A helpful investigator found an early



ancestor in a fine old book called "Pills to Purge Melancholy." This was a collection of "Ancient Songs," dated 1719. And one of the "Ancient Songs," dated 1719, was "I Went to the Alehouse" with the refrain:

*A knave is a knave in every degree  
Listen and I'll tell you how a knave served me.*

I won the case and a better understanding of the question, "Where do the songs come from?"

Some simple folk singer, or complicated wit had created the song for the amusement and edification of his neighbors. Some other wit had heard it, learned it by ear, and repeated it for his own audience. Faulty memory, or a desire to change the material to fit his private taste or public audience, encouraged the new singer to change the song. Sometimes, the fine old song had to be laundered to fit the refined taste of the upper class. In England, schoolbooks print this song:

*We married at the church next day  
Fair maid is a lily-o  
She smiled at me as if to say  
Come to me, quietly, do not do me injury,  
Gently, Johnny, my jingalo.*

This greatly surprised Englishmen who had been singing the same song with the verse:

*She lie with me all in the hay  
Fair maid is a lily-o  
Her eyes were closed as she did say,  
Come to me, quietly, do not do me injury,  
Gently, Johnny, my jingalo.*

As a result of the changes caused by custom and usage, many differing versions of the same song could be heard at the same period. For instance, Robert Burns rewrote many a "bothy ballad," popularizing a sedate version of "Green Grow the Rashes" while other Scotsmen still sang:

*Green grow the rashes, o  
Green grow the rashes, o  
The sweetest bed that e'er I got  
Was the bellies of the lasses, o.*

The older "Coming Through the Rye" said nothing about such mild amusements as "kissing," and the better-known version of "John Anderson, My Jo" used far more robust language than the tender rewrite we sing today:

*See that you grip me fast, John,  
Until that I cry, Oh,  
Your back shall crack, e'er I cry, Slack,  
John Anderson, my jo.*

Knowing the origin of the old songs answered the second question: "Who sings them?" Aside from professional folk singers and entertainers, the list of chantymen included singers of the Declaration of Independence, Presidents, Vice-Presidents, boot-blacks, and Secretaries of State. Most of them sang unaccompanied, but Lincoln's Grand Marshal at Gettysburg, Ward Lamon, used a five-string banjo to keep the melancholy soldiers amused. It is reported that one of our most distinguished contemporary jurists, Judge Learned Hand, once entertained Chief Justice Holmes with "The Good

Ship Venus," whose mildest verse is:

*The second mate was Morgan  
By God, he was a Gorgon,  
Nine times a day  
Fine tunes he'd play  
With his fingers on the organ.*

It seems a shame that these fine songs, an important part of our culture, known to our most respected citizens, should be rarely heard except in conspiratorial surroundings. In Elizabethan England, such songs were in daily currency, just as our worst four-letter words were then in considerable usage. Many of the well-turned phrases found in Shakespeare's plays or in the works of Marlowe and Jonson, are now to be found only on lavatory walls or in bawdy songs. Today's taboos force the material into the guilty backrooms of the men's smoker, or into the vocabulary of the gutters. Every child knows:

*Lulu had a baby  
She named him Sunny Jim  
Put him in the chamber pot  
To learn him how to swim  
Swam to the bottom, swam to the top  
Lulu got excited and pulled him by the  
Cocktail, ginger-ale five cents a glass . . .  
etc.*

Every child knows some wicked parody on a popular song or nursery rhyme. Consider the case of "John Peel." It was natural that Isaac Bickerstaffe's inoffensive hunting song should become the instigator of parodies more popular than the original. College men know many verses, and college women have verses far more violent than this sample:

*The camel has a lot of fun  
His night's complete when he is done  
He always gets two humps for one  
As he revels in the throes of fornication.*

The bawdy song is still a living, breathing part of our culture, even if it has gone underground, and to the scholar who pursues his quest of knowledge in this field, there

are always new surprises, fresh vistas of information to be discovered. For example, while seeking what I thought was the final verse of "The Little Ball of Yarn," I was informed that the verse I wanted was merely the next to last, and that the last verse was the best of all:

*In my prison cell I sit  
With my bathrobe in the shade  
With the shadow of my nose upon the walls  
And the women as they pass  
Thrust their hatpins up my ear  
And the little mice play hopscotch with my toes.*

As for limericks, which are often sung as verses to a simple melody, I know at least 500 of them, and I didn't make them up myself. The total number in circulation, not counting minor variations, must number thousands. In fact, the English-speaking world doesn't have a monopoly on these songs. I know five languages that have limericks on the theme:

*A lady athletic and handsome  
Got wedged in a sleeping room transom  
When she offered much gold for release,  
she was told  
The view is worth more than the ransom*

It seems a pity that these matchless gems should be consigned to the dark corners and hushed huddles of our daily life. Perhaps there should be a course in Bawdy Songs at our leading universities, Harvard, for example, to preserve them. Until then, I shall record them in order to assure their survival. Who would willingly see lost and forgotten such deathless verses as these from "The Apprentice":

*Your father and your mother in yonder  
room do lie  
A-shagging one another, so why not you  
and I?  
A-shagging and a wagging, without no  
fear nor doubt,  
So roll me in your arms, love, and blow  
the candles out.*

## THE SEXUAL BEHAVIOR OF STRIPPERS

(Continued from page 34)

on a number of things, the most important of which is how clever a seducer he is.

Unlike the non-stripper, however, the girl who finds her name on burlesque and night club marquees discovers at the same time that the man she agrees to see after the show will knock himself out to prove he's a non-stop Lothario. With the average gal he'll make a few token pitches and, if the time and place are right, he'll more often than not succeed because he's calling on his innate masculinity to do the pitching for him. And what gal in her right mind is going to resist a sincerely masculine guy (I don't mean simply a tall, handsome muscle-ripler; I mean someone whose maleness is a genuine part of everything he says and does)?

But a funny thing happens when that gent dates a disrober—and plenty of disrobers will bear me out on this. A lot of his sureness gets lost in the shuffle. It's as if he sees a burlesque star as a combination Mata Hari, Lucrezia Borgia, and Dragon Lady. So positive is he that she's constantly running

at 750 degrees Fahrenheit, his usual self-assured approach disappears and he thinks the only way to overwhelm a Sexbomb is by pretending to be a non-holds-barred Triple Sexbomb himself. Instead of relying on his own instinctive know-how, he gets a stripper to go up in the elevator with him to his apartment and then, from the moment the front door has been locked, he too often proceeds to make a cotton-picking jerk of himself.

You think not? Then let me give you a few for instances. When a girl not in show business is alone with an attractive man, he'll play some records, serve a cocktail or two, tell her in a quiet way without sending up red flares that she's desirable, and he'll be pleasant, unrushed. These burnt offerings, of course, start a girl joyfully burning herself and she'll race to see who switches the lights off first.

But let that same sweet and sensitive man invite a stripteaser up to his hacienda and before you know it, he's just about sure of



committing at least one of these guaranteed strikeouts:

First, he'll grab her and start competing with the wrestling matches on television even before her coat is off. As I indicated a few paragraphs back, that in itself is nothing too surprising or deplorable (as Dr. Freud once said, no woman who goes to a man's home for a drink expects only to have a drink—no matter what her conscious mind tells her). But the whole action does get to be a bit of a drag if her host doesn't cut it out, or at least calm it down, after a respectable period of time.

Disappointed that his frontal and/or rear attack hasn't paid off in immediate dividends, the stripper's host probably will gaze at her wryly, politely hang up her coat, and mix her a drink. But he doesn't mess with an honorable shot and a half, or even a double shot. By the time said stripper finds her own place on the davenport, he's managed to pour something like a full quart of his most potent booze (with a thimbleful of water, of course, to edge off the proof) into a glass, and personally bring it to her lips.

He's trying to get her loaded, see?

Aghast that the technique hasn't automatically worked, he's assured that the next one definitely will. He knows that showing his private movies will be a below-the-belt punch in more ways than one, but they're an ace in the hole that can't possibly fail. After all, he's been around; he knows what pays off.

So he shows her his collection of movies—the ones that aren't distributed by Loew's, Inc. Being hep, his guest will give him a smiling nod of ascent when he pulls a can of film out from between his copies of Proust's Works and says, "I have some movies here you did not see last night on The Late, Late Show."

The idea, of course, is to serve two purposes: (1) his forbidden fruits of films just might illustrate things to her she doesn't know anything about (which is extremely doubtful); and (2) they will work her up into such a fury of passion that she'll weep for his favors.

His huffing and puffing manner will suddenly change. He won't lurk or make naughty remarks as he feeds the film into the machine. He will see that the lights are out, will sit behind the camera far away from her.

Suavely he will wait until the first picture is only twenty seconds from being finished and then will turn to her and softly ask, "Shall we join them?"

By now he's certain that unless she's suffering from a very bad case of astigmatism, she'll be only too eager to join them.

What he will quite likely be horrified to find out is that his guest has enjoyed what she's seen on the wall's bedsheet, but that's far from saying that second-hand seduction automatically leads to first-hand seduction.

And through all this, she probably will be wondering why he's such a dummy that he doesn't know enough to make a play for her in the simplest and most certain way possible: by treating her like a woman he wants—directly.

Don't let me for a second give you the idea that a stripper out on a date is a tough baby to please; she's not. If anything, she's often more easily pleased than girls who work in banks or behind counters. A strip-

per is no sooner settled in one city than she finds the engagement is over and she has to pack to get to the next city. So if she's lucky enough to find a nice fellow who isn't going to swamp her with demands that she make like a full-blown temptress off stage as well as on, that fellow's chances of getting a good return for his dinner and dance investment are wonderful. A stripper, for all her apparent temperament now and then, isn't necessarily any less lonely than the mousy waitress who brings coffee to her dressing room before the show; she just has better equipment with which to hide the fact.

What sort of man will a disrober most often say yes to? Well, it won't hurt in the least if he's 6'2", has wavy hair, broad shoulders and a many-splendored checkbook, but these aren't big advantages as much as they're minor assets. If he looks like a Greek god and has a bank account that would put Fort Knox to shame, a stripper is nevertheless probably going to give him the brush if he hands her the idea that lovemaking is something you time with a stopwatch.

Better than all that, here's my idea of the ideal date—the man who can fill these not-too-rugged qualifications certainly isn't going to go away hungry:

Over a late supper he won't let her forget for a minute that she's a special person—not only to her audiences, but mostly to him. He'll butter up her ego with nice phrases about her performance and her looks. He'll know how to tell her she has the most beautiful bosom, thighs and legs in the Western Hemisphere without making it sound like an off-color travelogue.

And he'll know how to invite her up to his place without making a leering command or plea out of the invitation. (This takes definite skill, I agree, but it can be learned. It had better be. It's the most important part of the whole business.)

Once in his apartment, he'll help her off with her coat with a continental ease. He may take a liberty or two while he's doing this (what red blooded man wouldn't?), but not as if he'd been exiled from all women for the past ten years. The drink he brings her will have plain old whiskey in it, not 900 proof dynamite. He'll play some mountain-moving jazz on the phonograph. He'll do that old-fashioned thing for a while—talk with her—and the talk will be quiet and romantic.

In other words, if he can get the message across to her that she's his date for the evening (or night) and not just a professional sexpot, he's bound to have the time of his heavy-panting life. As a matter of fact, I guarantee it!

There's been some subversive talk going around lately that a strip teaser, when she's alone with an attractive and attentive man who's anxious to carve a new notch on his gun, will use all of the dodges non-strippers use ("I'm awfully tired tonight." "Let's wait six or eight months and see how we both feel about it." "I'm not that kind of a girl." "Oh, we're acting like children." "If I said yes, you wouldn't respect me any more." "Etc., etc.").

To which I hurriedly answer:

A stripper, like any other woman, will forgive a man just about anything—his bad party manners, his erratic income, his vices. But she will absolutely never forgive the man who believes her when she says No. # # #

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(Continued from page 15)



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into two comfortable cots, and hand winches  
moved both roof and side panels so that  
Michaelis could choose any light and any  
view he wished. When "packed for the  
road" the studio car looked something like  
a tall hearse.

Most car buyers are satisfied with conven-  
tional seating arrangements, but not so with  
many of Hooper's customers. Bodies made  
for eastern potentates usually contain extra  
wide seats so that the occupants can sit  
cross-legged, while a wealthy English dame  
once insisted that the passenger seat of her  
Rolls-Royce should be a slab of pure ivory,  
which she covered with cushions she had  
herself embroidered. The late King George  
VI always favored dark blue upholstery but  
left the actual seat design to Hooper's. His  
daughter, the present Queen Elizabeth, pre-  
fers brighter, gayer colors.

Rich, elderly people who have lost the use  
of their legs often ask Hooper's to adapt car  
bodies to facilitate the entry and exit of  
wheelchairs. In the Hooper files there are  
five different designs whereby wheelchairs  
can enter and leave a car easily, including  
fold-away ramps which look like normal run-  
ning boards when not in use.

This firm of specialists has even fitted  
running-board elevators to cars. The first was  
designed at the request of an arthritic old  
lady who couldn't manage the step up to her  
high-bodied family Rolls. The elevator was  
hand-winch by the chauffeur. Hearing this  
mentioned while consulting Hooper's de-  
signer, an Indian prince decided that his next  
Rolls should have a similar elevator. Al-  
though well able to climb into a car, the  
prince realized how much this dignified mode  
of access would raise him in the eyes of  
his subjects.

Most of Hooper's yearly average of 180  
bodies goes to foreign kings and rulers. Be-  
fore the war this figure was closer to 300, but  
there are fewer kings and rulers nowadays.  
The fabulously wealthy Nizam of Hyderabad  
has bought 15 Hooper bodies in the past ten  
years, each emblazoned with his huge crest  
in solid silver. Another Hooper fan is the  
King of Iraq. Apart from modern custom-  
built limousines, he has also purchased a  
100-year-old Hooper coach which he uses for  
state occasions.

Before the 1953 Coronation ceremony,  
Hooper's fitted the royal coach with a trick  
stand for the royal orb and sceptre. To the  
crowd lining the long procession route the  
Queen seemed to be holding these two heavy  
symbols of state. The gold coach was also  
fitted with fluorescent tubes so that the beau-  
tiful young Elizabeth could be viewed easily  
by her cheering subjects.

The late Queen Mary was well known for  
her eccentricities. At home, for instance, she  
flatly refused ever to use a telephone. But  
she was never more eccentric than when trav-  
elling by train or car. Whenever making a  
train journey, she insisted on having a spe-  
cial signalling device which communicated  
directly with the engineer. If in her opinion  
the train was travelling at an excessive speed  
(over 30 m.p.h.), she would yank angrily at  
a cord to inform the engineer of her dis-  
pleasure. She had a special recording speed-  
ometer installed opposite her seat in every

Rolls-Royce she ever owned. If the chauffeur  
drove too fast, she could confront him with  
undeniable proof of his wrong-doing—the  
needle of the speedometer was designed to  
stay put at the highest speed attained. Spe-  
cial high-pitched horns were fitted to all  
Queen Mary's cars to warn London bobbies  
of her approach.

Two years ago Princess Margaret bought  
her own Hooper-bodied car. This was the  
powerful Phantom IV Rolls which can be  
bought only by royalty or heads of state.

The Siamese royal house always buys  
Hooper-bodied Daimlers. The first ever or-  
dered for the King of Siam, some 50 years  
ago, had the conventional body crowned by a  
pointed silk canopy from which silk walls  
could be draped to shade the passengers who  
sat within on swivel chairs. Their comfort  
was increased by a large fan operated by an  
attendant who sat next to the chauffeur. The  
present King of Siam rides in a white Daim-  
ler landaulet which sports a red light on top  
of a long stalk fixed to the front bumper to  
warn of the king's approach.

Occasionally a Hooper-bodied car falls into  
the hands of a royal practical joker. On one  
of the red Hooper limousines he inherited  
from his father, ex-King Farouk of Egypt  
fitted a joke horn. He got a kick out of tear-  
ing through the silent streets of Cairo in the  
small hours of the morning, sounding this  
horn for all he was worth. The horn yelped  
and screeched like stray cats and dogs being  
run down by the wheels of the car.

Hooper's built a solid silver hand basin  
into a car ordered by the late King Ibn Saud  
of Saudi Arabia. Running water was sup-  
plied and, when the ceremonial basin was  
tipped up, the water ran out through a drain  
in the bottom of the car. This monarch, like  
many another eastern potentate, found it ex-  
pedient to have outside handgrips and run-  
ning boards wide enough to accommodate  
burly bodyguards on both sides of the car.

One Hooper car, built for a Brazilian poli-  
tician, had elaborate steel grilles over the  
windows. Another car, intended for use in  
the tropics, had gauze fly screens which slid  
into place as the windows were wound down.  
On at least three occasions Hooper's have  
installed small safes at the request of people  
who carry important documents or valuables.  
Hooper designers take in their stride re-  
quests for built-in desks, tape recorders,  
typewriters, bookcases, filing cabinets, and  
other articles more suitable to immovable  
premises than a four-wheeled vehicle. Con-  
siderately, King Fuad even had installed an  
umbrella rack for the convenience of vis-  
iting English diplomats!

Hooper's specialize in power-operated com-  
forts. By pressing a button, the Hooper  
owner is served with a drink from a tray  
which moves out from behind discreet walnut  
doors; for customers who are on the wagon  
the alcohol glasses can be replaced by an  
expensive porcelain tea service. At the touch  
of another button, either bar or tea service  
slides away and the doors close.

Osmond Rivers, chief designer for Hoop-  
er's has never quite recovered from the shock  
he sustained when multi-millionaire oil baron  
Nubar Gulbenkian insisted on having a car  
built to his own outlandish design because,



as he put it, "conventional English cars are unnecessarily old-fashioned." Gulbenkian sketched out a car which was to be 18 feet nine inches long, built on a standard Rolls-Royce chassis, but with the traditional RR radiator line swept back into the super-streamlining of the body.

Hooper's swallowed hard and built the car for \$28,000. Over a pint of beer at the local bar, one of the 150 Hooper craftsmen engaged on the unusual project was heard to remark sorrowfully, "Next thing you know they'll be asking us to put wheels under the kitchen sink!" When Gulbenkian's mother died in 1953, the two-tone bronze body was painted black, a transformation which brought out its appalling lines. Six months later, restored to its original coloring, the streamlined freak was sold for half the price that a standard Rolls would have fetched. That experience taught the canny Gulbenkian a lesson he has never forgotten: the customer isn't always right.

The average Hooper-bodied car costs around \$20,000, a fair price for the top-quality materials and painstaking workmanship which go into its production. At the Hooper factory at Acton on the outskirts of London, finely curved aluminum sheets are mounted on frames constructed of hand-carved English ash. Some of the latest cars for export to the hot climes of Britain's over-

seas markets now have body frames of aluminum alloys, and where ash is still used it is chemically treated against termites and damp-rot. Each Hooper car takes nine months to build before its final hallmark is applied with 20 hand-rubbed coats of paint.

Upholstery is chosen from the finest tannery in the British Isles, and fabrics are often designed and made to order to insure that the color and weave will blend with a particular car. Interior trim consists of the most expensive matched-grain woods imported from every corner of the globe to suit individual taste.

Finished cars are leak-tested with high-pressure hoses. Compressed air is forced into the car, which may be re-worked half a dozen times before it is absolutely draft-proof. A smoke generator is put in the trunk, and if the tiniest wisp of smoke escapes into the passenger compartment additional sealing is applied to stop the leak.

Although now making fewer cars than they did before the war, Hooper's continue to roll ahead financially on a wave of prestige unequalled in the history of coachbuilding. Nor are Hooper's concerned about competition from the mass-production methods of would-be rivals. As long as there are wealthy people prepared to pay the piper, Hooper's are only too happy to let them call the tune—as long as they don't ask for jazz. # # #

## RADIO'S RISQUE MOMENTS

(Continued from page 41)

number of smiles, chuckles and guffaws his unique collection has produced, but sales of Schafer's five "Pardon My Bloopers" album have reached the equivalent of 1,000,000 single records.

Schafer has in his files some 10,000 blooper specimens exactly as they were taken from the original programs, from transcriptions, sound tracks and kinescopes. His collection is continually growing, for in his upstate New York home he has a battery of tape recorders that stay tuned to virtually every radio and television program that offers the slightest possibility of yielding a blooper.

Long experience has taught him what types of programs are most productive. "We monitor audience participation shows because they're spontaneous and very often come up with some real beauts," Schafer says. "Children's shows are another excellent source."

The Steve Allen "Tonight" shows, Arthur Godfrey, Art Linkletter, Howdy Doody and Juvenile Jury are on Schafer's "must" list.

The blooper that started Schafer's collection is an all-time classic. It occurred in the early days of radio when veteran announcer Harry Von Zell introduced the then Chief Executive with: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States, Hoobert Heever."

The reaction of friends and associates for whom he played his records in private convinced Schafer that the public might enjoy them too. A book, he decided, was the first step. He culled the best bloopers from his personal collection, then searched the record archives of stations from coast to coast for additional material.

The result was a book, "Your Slip Is Showing," published by Grayson. Encouraged by the success of the book, Schafer produced the first of his "Pardon My Bloopers" album series the following year. Currently, the fifth blooper album is in the nation's record shops, and as long as tongues get twisted and lapses of memory occur before live mikes and cameras, there will continue to be other blooper albums.

Whatever the psychological motivation for bloopers, it is a distressing fact that not even professionals of long experience are immune. One veteran announcer advised his listeners to "Be sure and visit your A & Poo Feed Store," while another read "Boopert's Rear" for Ruppert's Beer.

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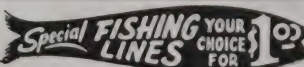
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The same type of mental lapse occurs on well-rehearsed dramatic shows. There was the actor, for instance, who fluffed his one line during a TV production in which Raymond Massey starred as Abe Lincoln. In a touching scene, when a crowd of extras ad libbed their fond farewells to Honest Abe, this actor blurted out, "Goodbye, Mr. Massey!"

While the discomfiture resulting from such incidents eventually passes, the bloopers themselves are now preserved on tape for posterity by Schafer, who turned an amusing hobby into a fast-growing commercial enterprise.

In the pre-electronic age, a blooper was known as a "spoonerism." Funk & Wagnalls "New Standard Dictionary of the English Language" defines a Spoonerism as "The unintentional transposition of sounds and letters or of parts of words in forming sentences; as 'half-warmed fish' for 'half-formed wish' attributed to nervous tension. So called from William A. Spooner (1844-1930), warden of New College, Oxford, England, to whom the practice is commonly attributed."

The man who added the word blooper to the vocabulary of Americans is a former Brooklynite, who was doing very well producing radio and television shows when the blooper idea was born. He is doing even better now, directing the activities of Blooper, Inc. from his suite of offices in midtown Manhattan.

Schafer's listening post for 8 to 10 hours a day is a modern redwood house atop a hill in the Ramapo Mountains. The entire house is wired with audio circuits and monitoring can be done even out on the spacious terrace. Schafer's chief assistant is his attractive wife, Mickey, a former Conover model. She helps him operate the tape recorders, which are built into the functional design of the house. When neither of the Schafers is home, clock-radio controlled recorders keep up the eternal vigil for bloopers. The couple's station wagon is equipped with an inverter to provide current for their portable tape recorder.

Letters from fans and people in the industry furnish leads for material Schafer may have missed. Walter Winchell, for instance, once spotted a blooper and itemed in his column the next day: "That hilarious

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fluff on Martin Block's ABC program should be included in the next Blooper album." It was.

Many times the performers themselves will call attention to bloopers they have made, and Schafer often receives in the mail small pieces of tape on which some amateur has recorded a blooper.

Schafer corresponds with 25,000 members of the broadcasting industry annually and has the cooperation of several recording companies who record radio and television programs off the air for reference purposes.

The phenomenal success of the blooper albums is due primarily to the rib-tickling humor inherent in each of the verbal boners included. Apparently the public finds this type of authentic humor, based on truth, far funnier than the contrivances of gagsters. Schafer makes it a rule to handle the material sympathetically and with good taste.

The Blooper albums are narrated by George de Holczer, well known as the "voice" of Time Magazine. His stentorian tones add the right touch of dignity, even when introducing the anonymous announcer, who read: "This is Indiana's first broad chasing station."

One of the funniest bloopers caught by Schafer was made by an unidentified house maid, who told the emcee on a quiz show that she worked for a large family that included "four boys, three girls, one adult and one aduless."

"But," observes Schafer, "listeners also relish the idea of catching their favorite announcers and actors with their 'slips showing.' These professionals are usually letter-perfect, and the average person gets a kick out of hearing them prove that they are, after all, only human."

The blooper story is just beginning, in the opinion of the man who started it. In addition to five "Pardon My Blooper" albums and his book, Schafer has a syndicated daily column that appears in newspapers across the country, a monthly magazine feature, and a recently-released single record titled, "Rock Around the Blooper."

Additional Bloopers, Inc., enterprisers in the works include cocktail napkins decorated with cartoons of some of the funniest bloopers, a series of radio and television commercials, and the release of the Blooper series on tapes. Schafer's Ike and Mike (iconoscope and microphone) characters, which have become his trademark, will soon be available as toys.

Schafer's listing of the ten best bloopers of the year is an annual event that generates considerable interest in press and industry circles, as well as with the general public. To the Blooper of the Year goes an Ike and Mike statuette.

Schafer himself became a likely candidate for one of these Oscar-type awards with the release of the very first blooper album. The record ends with the reminder that "To err is human, to forgive, divine." But the quotation was mistakenly attributed to Thomas Pope instead of Alexander Pope. The same mistake was made in the text on the album cover.

"We received hundreds of letters about that," Schafer recalls with a grin. "The fans seemed to take delight in catching me in a blooper."

And considering the fact that he is one person who literally profits from the mistakes of others, this is understandable. # # #



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# to

# MAN

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"I want to give you a complete physical. Just to be sure that I'm not missing anything," he replied.

After a most complete physical, she turned to him and said. "Are you sure this was all strictly professional curiosity?"

"Why, certainly," retorted the medic. "Why do you ask?"

"Well," replied the sweet young thing. "When you were examining my chest, I could have sworn I heard you breathing just like any other man!"

\* \* \*

WILL ROGERS was once invited to attend a large banquet of one of the major oil companies as a guest speaker. He sat at the table through an endless procession of other speakers, all proudly proclaiming the wonderful features of their great company—service for the public, service for the employees, service for this, service for that, but always service for the public.

Finally after over an hour of this, Will Rogers was called upon for his address. "You folks all know that I was born out West," he began, "and that my father was a cattleman. Well, there is a little something here tonight that has started me thinking about our old homestead. We had a prize bull on our place, and it seems that my father was always putting him in a truck to take him some place, and he would always come back with money that he said was 'service fees.'"

"Well, one day my father finally took me with him on one of his trips with that bull. But when they took the bull over to the neighbor's barn, they would not let me go with them. But being a normal child, and having a natural curiosity, I peeped through a knothole and watched just what happened with that bull.

"Now listening to all this talk here tonight about the 'service' this great

company is giving the public and employees, I have really learned something. As my memory serves me, it seems that what I saw through that knothole in that barn is what this company has been doing to the public and its employees for all these years."

\* \* \*

THE FARMER piled his entire family into the dilapidated truck and they set out for the county fair—some 150 miles away. The main attraction for the farmer was that a famous champion bull was on display, and he wanted to show it to his family. But alas, when the farmer and his family arrived, they discovered that the admission price was \$1 per person to see this famous bull.

He was indignant, and spared no words to let the ticket-taker and all bystanders know that he had traveled 150 miles to see this famous bull, but that the price of \$1 per head admission

was not only outrageous—but not within his means. There was such a commotion that the manager intervened.

"Are all fifteen of these children yours?" he asked rather dubiously.

"Sure!" replied the enraged farmer. "Me and Maw here raised these fifteen and three more that's in the Army now."

"In that case," replied the manager, "I am going to let all of you in free! I want the bull to see you!"

\* \* \*

THE PRETTY BRIDE snuggled in the depths of the oversized bed. With a stretch and a smile she said to her new husband, "Darling, I can hardly believe we're really married."

There was no answer, and a few minutes later she smiled at the groom again. "Darling, it just doesn't seem possible that we are married at last."

There was still no answer. The time dragged agonizingly by. The bride turned and squirmed in her bed. Restlessly, she spoke again, "Oh honey, I just can't believe that we are finally married."

At last there was a word from the groom. He spoke in a measured voice, obviously contorted with frustration: "If I can get this damn shoelace untied, you will."



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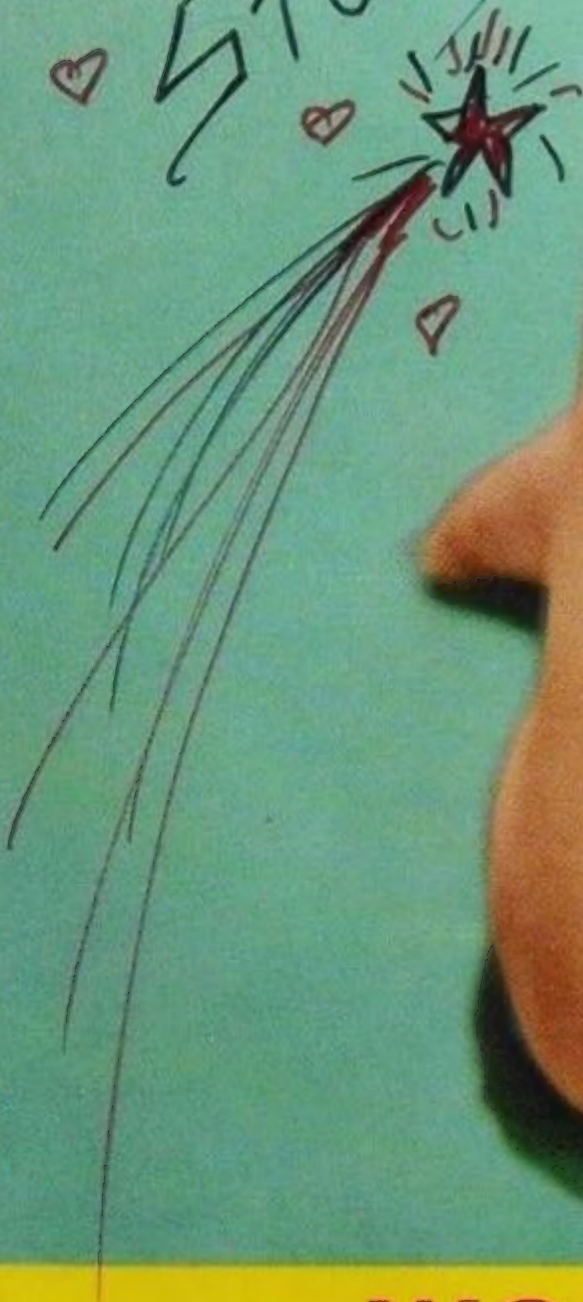
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